With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE." 1/-

The SPHERE

Vol. CXXIII. No. 1606 NOV. 1, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

"Luvisca" REGD SHIRTS PYJAMAS & SOFT COLLARS

LOOK FOR THE REGISTERED TAB: Luvisca REG. COURTAULDS

Sold by Leading Hosiers, Outfitters and Stores.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write Courtaulds Ltd. (Dept. 125M), 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C. 1, who will send you name of nearest retailer and descriptive literature.

SHEER comfort, style, and good wear reward every purchase of "LUVISCA" Shirts, Soft Collars and Pyjamas.

COURTAULDS FABRIC

ST. MORITZ

THE ORIGINAL HOME OF WINTER SPORTS

ENGADINE SWITZERLAND

6,000 feet alt.

Leading Hotels with own Private Ice Rinks:
THE KULM HOTELS
THE GRAND HOTEL
THE SUVRETTA
THE PALACE
THE CARLTON

DOCTOR'S CHINA TEA

HARDEN BROS. & LINDSAY, Ltd., (Dept. 29), 30/34, Mincing Lane, London, E.C. 3.

A most refreshing beverage for dyspeptics and invalids and all who enjoy exquisite flavour.

¼-LB. FREE.

Simply send 6d. in stamps to cover postage and packing, and we will promptly send you a 2-oz. packet of each of the 3/- and 3/8 qualities—making in all a free ¼-lb. of the world's finest China Tea.

There is also a super quality at 4/2, a 2-oz. sample of which will be included on receipt of an additional 6d.

CVS 11.

SUMMER IN WINTER

ORIENT LINE TOURS To EGYPT & CEYLON

REDUCED FARES

Managers: ANDERSON, GREEN & CO., LTD., 5 Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3

ELKINGTON & CO. LTD.

LONDON, BIRMINGHAM, Etc.

Originators of ElectroPlate

and Sole Manufacturers of Elkington Plate

AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL TOWNS AND THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

E&CO ELKINGTON PLATE Marks of Quality.

HOTEL CONTINENTAL

FACING THE TUILERIES GARDENS.

PARIS

COMPLETELY Renovated Refurnished Rebuilt.

E. VELAINE, Managing Director.

CADBURY Maker of fine Chocolates

OTARD'S ESTABD 1795

THE BRANDY WITH A PEDIGREE

DEFINITELY THE WORLD'S BEST TYRES

AVON-SEIBERLING

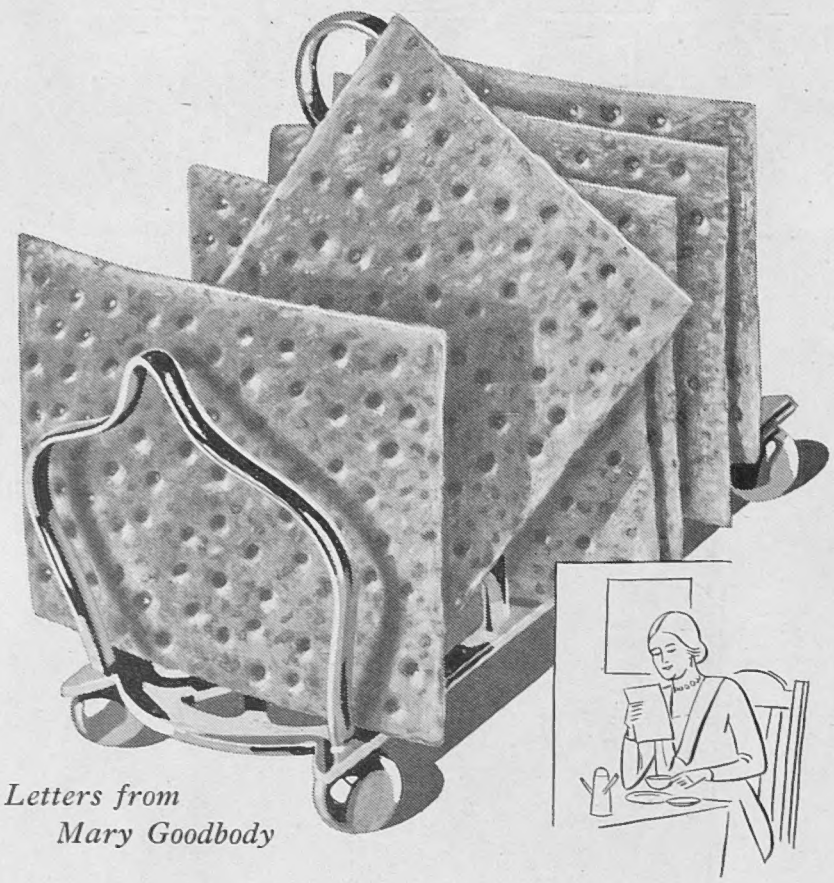
Specify AVON MOTOR TYRES—AVON-SEIBERLING GIANTS

The modern palatable form of Iron Tonic. Devoid of all the usual drawbacks of Iron Tonics

Iron Jelloids

THE IRON JELLOID CO., LTD., 139, CENTRAL STREET, LONDON, E.C.1. ENG.

Unequalled for Anæmia and Weakness in Men, Women, and Children. Of all Chemists, price 1/3 and 3/- per box.



Letters from Mary Goodbody

Advice to Janet

My dear Janet,

What a tale of woe! Indigestion *and* the "middle-aged spread!" Well, I can't resist such an appeal, so I'm going to give you a piece of advice for which you'll always thank me.

It's simply this. Have a toast rack of Vita-Weat put on the table at every meal instead of ordinary bread or toast. You know the stuff I mean—it's that delightful crispbread of Peek Freans'. Dr. Jones put *me* on to it, because he said it was free from "unconverted starch." Anyhow, I found it *most* digestible, and for the past two years I've felt a "new woman" altogether.

Vita-Weat will also solve your other problem at the same time, because although it's very sustaining it's not at all fattening. You're right to want to keep slim, and what I've been telling you is the *healthy* way to do it . . .

Vita-Weat
REGD
THE BREAD OF NEW HEALTH

Packets at 6d. and 2d.
Cartons at 1/6 and 10d.

MADE BY PEEK FREAN
Makers of Famous Biscuits

THE MODERN TREATMENT FOR COLDS

VAPEX
(REG. TRADE MARK)
INHALANT

Breathe your cold away

Put a drop of "Vapex" on your handkerchief. At once it begins to give off a pleasant antiseptic vapour which kills the germs before they can multiply. Breathe this vapour. Your head begins to clear. Congestion is quickly relieved. The delicate mucous membrane is soothed, cleansed, and protected from re-infection.

The Onset of a Cold

The preliminary symptoms common to most phases of a catarrhal cold are as follows. The patient feels out of sorts, has a sense of chilliness, slight headache, and a feeling at first of irritation, then of dryness and fullness in the nose with frequent attacks of sneezing. There is some rise of temperature (99° to 101°). This is followed by engorgement of the tissues in and about the nose and a heavy mucous discharge. The blocking of the nasal passages necessitates breathing through the mouth, which intensifies the dryness of the pharynx and naso-pharynx. If nothing is done to prevent it the catarrhal infection may spread up the nasal tract and lachrymal passage.

How to cure a Cold

First of all avoid re-infection by breathing the purest air available. Secondly, do not hesitate to abandon a handkerchief which is already sufficiently loaded with nasal discharge, containing as it probably does, millions of still active microbes, and thirdly use "Vapex."

"Vapex" is a clear colourless liquid, and owing to its harmlessness and agreeable odour, very suitable for general use. Ladies and children like it. It is non-poisonous, and yet a powerful germicide. Being a very thin tenuous fluid and extremely volatile, "Vapex" does not even require an atomiser, and may be readily inhaled as a vapour by merely placing a few drops on a handkerchief and holding it to the nose. The results are surprisingly rapid.

Always keep "Vapex" in your home

Fly to "Vapex" at the first sign of a cold—the "stuffiness" which means that the germs are multiplying. Clear them out of your system before they become dangerous. Use "Vapex" and Breathe

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/- per bottle

Thomas Kerfoot & Co. Ltd. Bardsley Vale, Lancs.

C. Brandauer & Co.'s Ltd.,
CIRCULAR POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS

These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 9d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock, send 10½d. in stamps direct to the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

London Warehouse: **124, NEWGATE ST., E.C.**

ATTRACTIVE FRENCH POTTERY LAMPS

Small Size, **27/6** complete.
Large Size, **45/-** complete.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

(Debenhams Ltd.)

VERE STREET & OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

"ESSE" SAFETY

In thousands of homes and offices, overnight or even during the week-end, the "ESSE" Stove left burning steadily and economically ensures a comfortably warmed room in the morning.

Fire is never out. Fill with clean, smokeless anthracite once daily.

Room 14 ft. by 16 ft. well heated for

24 Hours for 4½d.

ESSE

Large variety of designs from £2 - 15 - 0 upwards.

Ask for "ESSE" Book and name of nearest Stove Dealer from

SMITH & WELLSTOOD, Ltd., BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND. Estd. 1854.

Showrooms—11 Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.; and at Liverpool, Edinburgh and Glasgow.

NEW EVENING GOWNS

Attractive Georgette Gown and Coatee, cut on long slimming lines. In many shades, including black and white.

6 Gns.

Distinctive ring Velvet Evening Gown, featuring the new V back. In ruby and black only. An exact copy of an Augusta Bernard Model.

15 Gns.

Model Gowns: Third Floor.

SWAN & EDGAR

Swan & Edgar, Ltd. London, W.1. 'Phone: Regent 1616

For The Children This Winter

Roboleine

THE FOOD THAT BUILDS THE BODY

Is the most valuable body building food known to medical science. It contains all the vitamins deficient in ordinary diet, and has been recommended by the medical profession in cases of malnutrition, debility and sleeplessness for over 20 years.

Makes good blood, firm flesh and sturdy bone.

Of all Chemists.

GENEROUS 12-DOSE SAMPLE.

To Oppenheimer, Son & Co., Ltd., Handforth Laboratories, Clapham Road, London, S.W. 9.

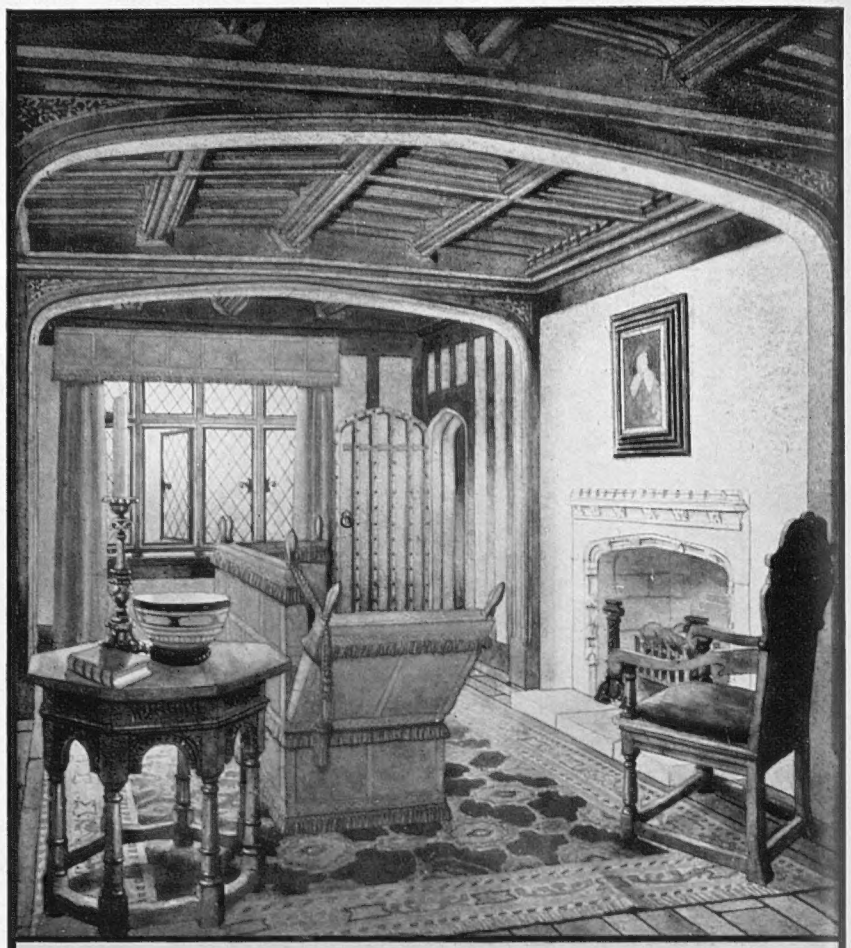
Please send me a 12-dose sample. I enclose 6d. in stamps for postage and packing.

Name.....

Address.....

..... Sp.2

R.11



LIBERTY
FURNITURE, DECORATIONS PANELLING

DESIGNS & ESTIMATES PREPARED FREE

LIBERTY & Co. REGENT ST, LONDON. W.1

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY

INVESTMENT AFFILIATE OF THE NATIONAL CITY BANK OF NEW YORK

London Offices:
34, BISHOPSGATE, E.C.2.
11, WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.1.

Manchester Office:
ROYAL MAIL HOUSE, 76, CROSS STREET.

Branches or Correspondents in the leading Cities of Europe and elsewhere.

Incorporated with Limited Liability under the Laws of the United States of America.

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY
NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING
NEW YORK

BABIES' DELIGHTFUL FROCKS

Sent on Approval.

INFANT'S DAINTY CRÊPE DE CHINE FROCK in ivory or shell pink, embroidered with tiny flowers in delicate colourings; entirely hand made. Sizes for 3 months to 2 years.

Price **65/9**

SMOCK with knickers in good quality ivory crêpe de chine, worked in self colour, cherry or sky. Suitable for baby boys or girls up to age 2 years.

Price **45/9**

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY

(Debenhams, Ltd.)

WIGMORE ST. & WELBECK ST., LONDON, W. 1

THE SPHERE

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

Volume CXXIII. No. 1606 Price One Shilling. Postage { Inland, 1½d. ; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d. : Foreign, 3d. } London, November 1, 1930

THE KING and QUEEN

in the State Coach en route to

OPEN PARLIAMENT

With the customary pageantry, to which the dazzling uniforms of the Indian princes added yet a fresh note of vividness, the King and Queen opened Parliament on Tuesday. The King's Speech commented both on the Imperial Conference and the Round Table Conference, and mentioned the presence of the Duke of Gloucester at the coronation of Ras Tafari. The two cardinal foci of unemployment and agricultural depression, however, occupied the major portion of the address, and a commission to enquire into the abuses of unemployment insurance was promised. Raising the school age, trade disputes, and the inauguration of a consumers' council were other points suggested.

A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, October 29, 1930.

National Economy. — In domestic politics to-day there are two—and only two—burning questions of first-rate importance, and they happen to be the two planks in Mr. Baldwin's newly-declared policy—to enforce rigid national economy and to meet to the nearest inch the unanimous proposals of the Dominions. And both these vital questions are at the moment of writing, before the Conservative meeting, in danger from cowardly and half-hearted handling. I share the view of many Conservatives that this national crisis (which does indeed exist) cries out for a Coalition Government formed to carry out a clearly explained policy of root and branch retrenchment in national expenditure. Such a Government would exist *ad hoc*, and a truce to party politics would be maintained until the programme was carried out or the crisis passed. Not one of the party leaders at present has a faint perception of the magnitude of the retrenchment which the sane element in the Nation regards as essential. Mr. Baldwin himself has forgotten the proposal made a few years ago of rationing the departments. He is alleged to have declared the other day that he talked over with Mr. Bonar Law the problem of cutting down the size of the Cabinet and otherwise reducing Civil Service expenditure, and that "they agreed it was impossible." The Labour Party has one idea and one only, to extract all it can, while it can, from the taxpayer, and thereby to relieve temporarily the necessities of the underdog. The Liberal leaders contribute nothing more constructive and practical than the *obiter dicta* of a school-debating society. Perhaps the Conservative meeting will usher in one more new dawn.

Paddington Green.—South Paddington, which goes to the polls on Thursday, has willy nilly become the laughing-stock of England. If ever a case was made out for closer contact between Central Office and local Conservative organizations, it has been made out here in a London constituency which possesses little or no "local" tradition. It is an area of hotels and boarding-houses with a shifting population lacking anchors or roots, of mean streets and mean shops, and a few newly fashionable residential squares. It has none of the hoary tradition of Kensington, and has no need at all to insist on a "local" man. If ever there was a good opening for the Central Office to reward those who in the late Conservative Ministry served the Party well it should have been here in a Conservative stronghold. I can think of half-a-dozen sound and experienced Conservatives, unseated at the last election, possessing every qualification as "Londoners," and six times the experience, character, and ability of all the "Conservative" candidates now endangering a safe seat, and the good name of the Party, in this *opéra-bouffe* by-election. Any one of these would have closed the wavering ranks in the constituency, and made it far more difficult for cranks, egotists, and mischief-makers to thrust in their crab-catching oars. I hope that the Conservatives may receive such a warning that certain local organizations may at last see the force of consulting the Central Office in their search for a sound, experienced, and dignified representative. The Central Office has now removed from its door the sign "Abandon hope all ye who enter here," and is quite capable of affording help and sound counsel.

The Trades Disputes Bill Dilemma.—Every student of politics must view with apprehension the troubling of the muddy political waters which the passage of the Bill to repeal the "vital" clauses of the Trades Disputes Bill is likely to cause. This Bill was promised as the Government's chief concern before Christmas, but is likely to be crowded out into January; it may well provide the Labour Government with a first-rate class war-cry—a much-needed weapon—at the next election. The dilemma is this: unless Mr. George and his Liberals oppose the repealing Bill in the Commons it will be left to the Lords to throw it out. It is impossible to conceive that, though action means suicide, the Lords could stand aside and let pass to the Statute Book a retrograde measure which every sane man knows well to be a hole bored in a vital plank of the Constitution. Therefore the Lords, with its unchallenged majority of sane men (and incidentally of Conservatives) will reject the Bill, and then every red dog and every hot dog and every underdog in the land will be hounded on to tear to pieces the Chamber of Privilege. And we, the sane men in the street, will sit with folded hands to endure the spectacle, powerless to avert the final break-up. An "exceedingly smart move in the game of politics" will, at this trifling cost, put the Labour Party once more ahead.

The Memorial of Famous Men.—If one holds what is probably an "unpopular" view, it is perhaps the easy way to remain silent—in journalism at any rate. But I feel too strongly on the subject of memorials to our dead to remain silent. The ancients gave us on this subject an aphorism of splendid dignity and divine truth: "The whole world is the memorial of famous men." It is profoundly true of those two score of splendid men who gave their lives to their country when *R 101* was destroyed on the Allonne ridge. For a generation their individual memories will be treasured in the hearts of their nearest and dearest. For centuries they will be remembered in history as a band of pioneers. None other ever received such a tribute of national mourning. England will not soon forget the ready help and divine sympathy of the people of Beauvais and the French nation, in themselves an enduring memorial to our dead and a comfort and inspiration to the living.

Fire and War.—But the offer of the Allonne ridge for a permanent memorial in stone should in my opinion be refused, if a refusal could be so worded as to make clear our intense gratitude for the graceful gesture. We are turning the fair land of France into a mausoleum. There are acres of enclosures in Northern France where I for one would prefer to see "how deep the corn along the battlefield." I would have our grand-children say, when they visit Northern France:

"We travelled in the print of older wars
Yet all the land was green;
And love we found, and peace,
Where fire and war had been."

In the generations to come these memorials will fall at last into neglect. But we, and perhaps our children, need not stone and bronze to aid our memories. And beyond, there is for posterity no message in stone. And, incidentally, there are thousands who have given their lives to science and their country—miners, sailors, pioneers—for whom no national memorial in stone has been thought necessary.

Wreaths on War Memorials.—Britain has taken the lead in the inevitable agreement among the nations to discontinue the more or less official obligation on the part of illustrious visitors from foreign countries to lay wreaths on the National War Memorial of their hosts. If one vigorously investigates the motives which inspired the practice, two main ideas emerge. It was a natural, an inevitable, outward expression of intense sympathy and sorrow while the world tragedy was still fresh. And secondly, it was an act of penance by the rulers and Governments of Europe who, by their blindness or ambition, brought the common people, whose destinies they controlled, like sheep to the slaughter. The tragedy has lost its keenest edge, publicly speaking; and the "captains and the kings" have perhaps lost the keen edge of their consciousness of guilt and responsibility. In any case, few are likely to quarrel with the proposal to discontinue the pious gesture as an official ceremony.

The "R 101" Court of Inquiry.—The Court of Inquiry into the *R 101* disaster has held its first public sitting. Maturer consideration makes it clear that the composition of the Court is essentially sound. It was undoubtedly expected that the assessors would be equipped with more actual experience of the construction and navigation of a modern airship. None could possibly cavil at the choice of Sir John Simon, whose reputation as a chairman of any sort of Commission of Inquiry is unrivalled. As to the experience of the assessors, it is first of all worth while remarking that we have lost practically all our experts in modern airship design and navigation in the disaster now being investigated. Neither Colonel Moore-Brabazon nor Professor Inglis claim peculiar or special knowledge of the subject. What they claim to possess is of more value. Each has a practical experience of that branch of engineering relevant to this inquiry and the ability to understand the technicalities of expert witnesses.

A NOTICE TO "SPHERE" READERS

The Editor announces that a large portion of the issue of November 8 will be devoted to the Princess Margaret Rose. A special section will deal pictorially and in letterpress with the fifth lady in the land.

A Year of Disaster.—1930 will be remembered as one of the most tragic years of disaster since the War. We have grown once more hardened to tragedy as one after another the nations of civilization are plunged into semi-national mourning by some peace-time disaster on a grand scale. Germany has been the latest country to receive the constantly exchanged condolences of neighbouring governments. It is probable that the Alsdorf explosion — I recollect passing the place in 1918 during the advance into Germany—like the Maybach, was due to no neglected precaution, but to the oldest enemy of mining whose claws modern science has hitherto failed to blunt. Firedamp explosions caused the deaths of hundreds of miners in England as long ago as the reign of Anne, although the bulk of what mining there was was surface work in those days.

America and Brazil.—It is not surprising if events in Brazil are watched by Wall Street and all substantial citizens in the States with more than the polite interest usually accorded to *émeutes* in volatile South America. American citizens I believe stand to lose fabulous sums if Brazil falls a victim to irresponsible government (which implies a government not first concerned with honouring its external obligations). America has invested £80,000,000 in Brazil Government Bonds and her total capital locked up in the Republic is little short of £120,000,000. These are big figures which must play a big part in the "be or not to be" of that overdue return of boom conditions (whether artificial or otherwise) which the States trustfully expect to brighten spring trading on Wall Street. And it looks as if Cuba in the near future will prove another Brazil. The prolonged slump has been unkind to Mr. Hoover's reputation. Americans, who hailed him as a great organizer, can now see little justification for his superior airs and his habit of treating the politicians like schoolboys, and the citizens like infants. The resulting stream of Press criticism unfortunately penetrates the chain mail of the President's self-conceit. So he, too, in common with all rulers and governors to-day, is engulfed in the tide of events which are beyond his control.

REVIVED AFTER 300 YEARS: The Lord Mayor's Boy Players of to-day are a revival. They were the only players in Elizabeth's time that the then Lord Mayors of London would allow to perform within the City boundaries. Even Shakespeare's players were banished to the south side of the river. The Boy Players had the first "private," or covered-in, theatre in England. Shakespeare's predecessor, John Lyly, wrote all his plays and pastorals for the Boy Players, and it is in order to give the boys opportunities to sing that Shakespeare's comedies are so full of delightful lyrics. In 1609 the Boy Players were suppressed by James I because they acted a play, *Eastward Ho!*, that he considered too dangerously political. And now they come back to London again to look upon a very different world, but to find a Lord Mayor's welcome still at the Mansion House

Speaight

THE FIFTH LADY IN THE LAND: Princess Margaret Rose, the six-weeks-old daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York, who was christened last Thursday morning

Lord Athlone.—Lord Athlone and Princess Alice have been engaged in a final round of farewell banquets after seven full and useful years in the Governor-Generalship of the Union. None have done more than they to "create the demand" for Royal Governors in the Dominions. In the face of the heaviest private griefs they have never ceased to give their best to the Union and splendidly to uphold the symbol of the Crown where that duty had most need of worthy discharge. A year ago we understood that a strong demand for Royal Governors would be put forward at the present Imperial Conference, but more pressing matters have crowded the subject out. In recent years the Governor-General's constitutional responsibilities have been lightened, but his social and symbolic influences have been enhanced. On that account the appropriateness of any available married Prince of the blood for such posts in the Empire is patent. It is a curious fact, not commented on when Lord Athlone's appointment in the Union was made, that the most famous of his predecessors in the title of Earl of Athlone was a Dutchman, Ginkel, one of William III's best Dutch Generals, who generously seconded Marlborough's efforts in the campaigns of 1702–4.

THE OLD STAGER.

PEOPLE *in the* PUBLIC EYE

Personalities—American, Spanish, and English

DEVOTIONAL FRESHERS: Two American nuns who are enrolled as undergraduettes at Oxford. They are seen above just by the examination schools. The clerical dress adds yet a new note to the phantasmagoria of Oxford

THE ROYALTY OF SPAIN: Queen Ena, with her two daughters, the Infanta Beatriz and the Infanta Christina. The Queen is visiting her mother, the Princess Beatrice, aunt to our King, at Kensington Palace. Queen Ena was, of course, the daughter of Prince Henry of Battenberg

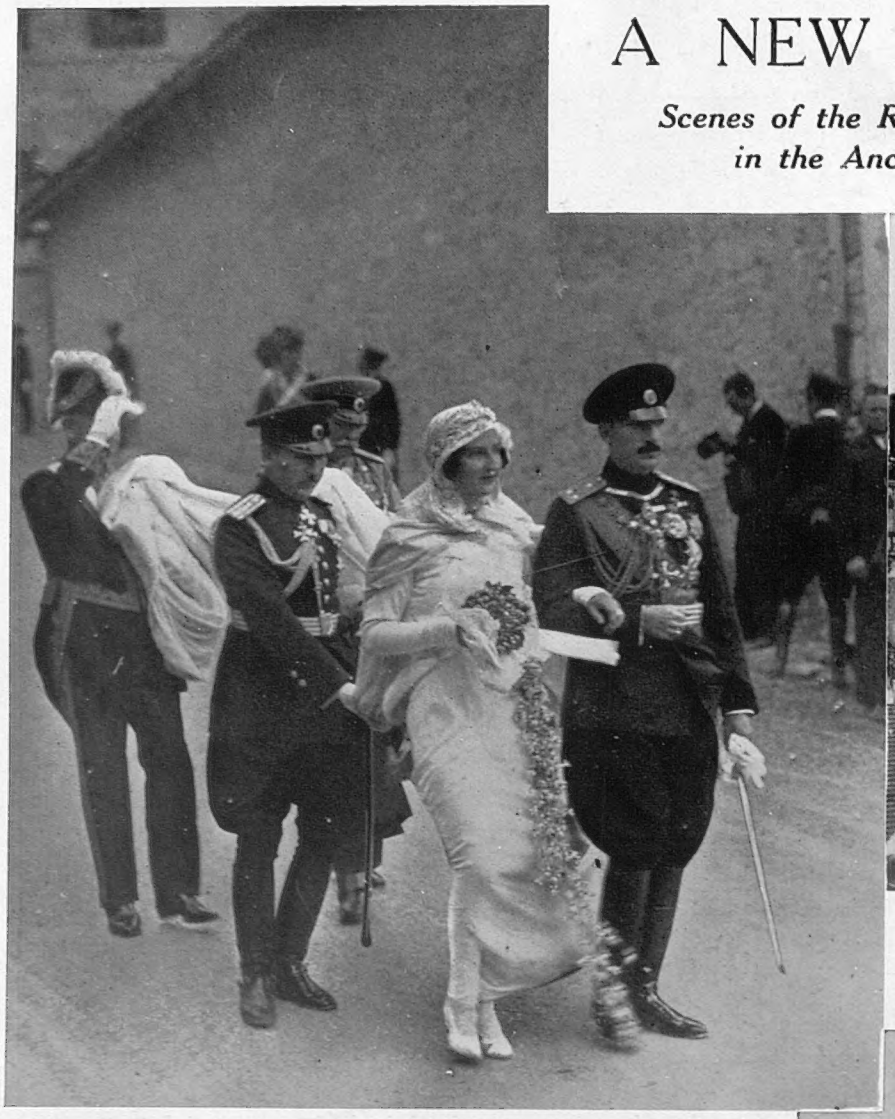
RATIFICATION OF THE NAVAL TREATY: Mr. Pierre L. Boal of the American State Department, who brought the document to London, and was met by M. Muto, secretary of the Japanese Embassy. Lieutenant W. M. Caldwell, who was carrying the papers, had a fatal aeroplane crash in Wyoming, which delayed the transit

THE POET LAUREATE: Mr. John Masefield at the ceremony at Hereford, where the freedom of the delightful old-world cathedral city was conferred on him

A "HIKER" WITH A VENGEANCE: Mr. John Wells, the son of the well-known American explorer, Mr. Carberth Wells, is following in his father's footsteps literally, for he is planning to walk round the world, accepting lifts only from such vehicles as are gratuitous. Mr. Wells is seen above starting from London en route to Dover. "Hiking," the newly-named sport, reaches its apotheosis in such an undertaking

A NEW QUEEN IN EUROPE

Scenes of the Royal Wedding between Italy and Bulgaria in the Ancient Church of St. Francis at Assisi



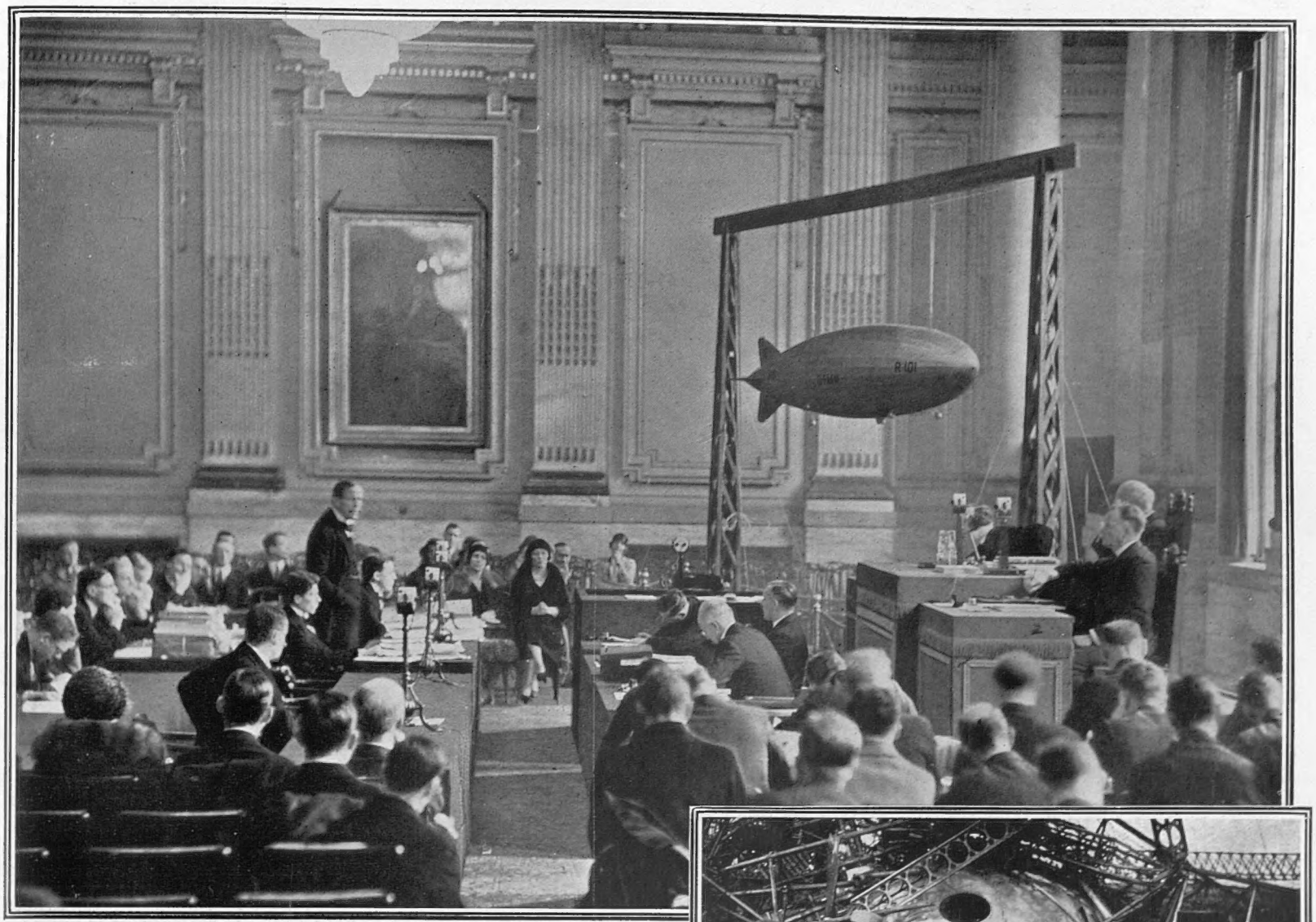
THE SIMPLEST OF ROYAL WEDDINGS: King Boris of Bulgaria with his queen, Princess Giovanna, the youngest daughter of the King of Italy. The ceremony was celebrated by a friar at the church of St. Francis at Assisi, the native village of the gayest of Saints

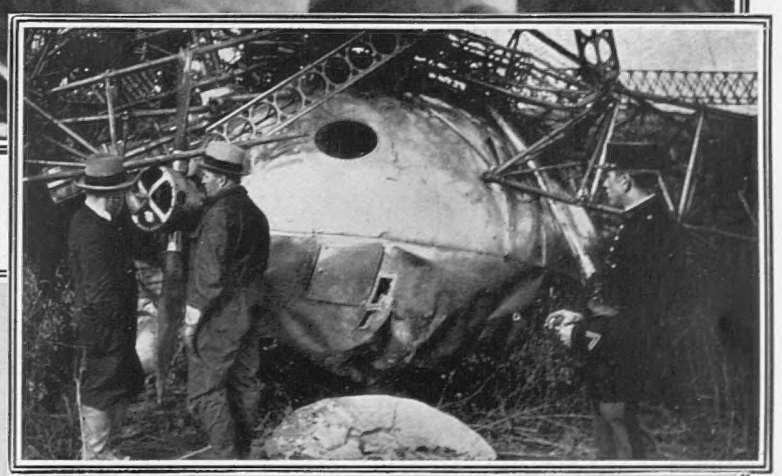
PAGEANTRY IN A TOWN OF SIMPLICITY: Assisi, sacred to the memory of the brown robes of St. Francis, was filled with blazing uniforms, glittering medals, and colourful decorations when King Boris married Princess Giovanna in its precincts

IN THE GARB OF THE MIDDLE AGES: Trumpeters clad in picturesque costumes drawn up before the church of St. Francis. The alliance between Bulgaria and Italy should be mutually beneficial to the nations as both are ardently Revisionist. Signor Mussolini, it is stated, is highly delighted at the marriage

ROYAL PARENTS: Ex-King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, now a distinguished entomologist, stands between King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helena Victoria of Italy at the marriage of King Boris to the third daughter of the House of Savoy. The party is seen above on the balcony of the Villa Costanza, where the bridal feast and the wedding reception were held

THE "R 101" INQUIRY: FIRST DAY





INQUIRY: The opening sitting of the public inquiry into the loss of R 101. *The Court consists of Sir John Simon, Lieut.-Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, and Professor C. E. Inglis, Professor of Mechanism and Applied Mathematics at Cambridge University. It is sitting in the hall of the Institution of Civil Engineers*

INVESTIGATION: Mr. Maurice Fitzgerald, who was sent over from Cardington to supervise the shipping of the Tornado engines from Beauvais, on the scene of the disaster with Mr. Colin Kirk. Inset above is a section of the engines under inspection

The first day's sitting of the public inquiry into the tragic disaster of *R 101* brought out several points made by Sir William Jowitt, the Attorney-General:

(a) The gas bags were found to be chafing a year ago.

(b) The cable controlling the elevators was found broken, but it is not yet certain whether the breakage occurred before or after the crash.

(c) An explosion preceded the conflagration.

(d) The altimeter was probably faulty.

(e) *R 101* struck the ground twice.

(f) The engines weighed 17 tons instead of the estimated 9.

Sir William Jowitt, representing the Air Ministry, promised the fullest publicity on all points. The question of the hydrogen has already been broached. Witnesses may include figures so diverse as Dr. Eckener of Zeppelin fame and Georges Rabouilles, the poaching eye-witness of the crash.

EUROPE'S WAR PSYCHOSIS (II): AUSTRIA—

The Fascist Bridge

The second of this series of frank and penetrating articles on post-War conditions shows Austria as link between Mussolini and Hitler

By FERDINAND TUOHY

There has so far been an awkward gap in the link between Italian Fascism and its two most important Revisionist adherents, the Reich and Hungary. It has been necessary to smuggle arms through Austria to these militarily deprived lands. Shrunken, freakish Austria, all head and no body, reduced to a total population of 7,000,000, and a third of these in or around Vienna! Nevertheless, this relic of the Habsburgs, under League guidance and in the hands of moderate men, has stood in the way of Mussolini's stretching of a clear hand across to Budapest and Berlin. On November 9, Austrian election day, we shall know if this state of affairs is to continue or whether a Hitlerite movement of pronounced tendencies is not to manifest itself also within the Austrian Republic.

The proximity of the date makes writing about the situation as I found it in Austria an exceptionally thankless task.

Here are the men of the hour and their causes and foreign connections or influences, without the understanding of which it would be impossible to understand anything that is happening in Austria at all:

PRESIDENT MIKLAS.—Of usual mild presidential fibre, but believed to favour ——

CHANCELLOR VAUGOIN.—Stubborn monarchist who for ten years has been War Minister of Austria's little Army which could be 30,000 but actually numbers 24,000. Vaugoin restored Habsburg regimental names and eliminated Socialistic officers and N.C.O.'s. He has also done his utmost to disarm the Schutsbund or Republican Defence Corps. Is reputed to be anti-Jew, cool to the Catholics, and very ready to extend the hand to the Fascists, or Heimwehr, if these make good.

FOREIGN MINISTER IGNAZ SEIPEL.—Leader of Christian-Socialists. A very subtle priest whose dream is said to be of a Catholic State comprised of Austria, Bavaria, Slovakia, and Croatia, under Habsburg or Wittelsbach dominion. A devoted adherent of the ex-Empress Zita. Seipel makes himself scarce in crises, and so was in Norway when the latest one broke. He originated the Heimwehr and hoped to deflect it to Restoration ends (Otto), but since it has begun shouting "Heil, Hitler!" and downing the Jews, and being less than certain in its attitude to the Catholics, Seipel has fought shy. Nevertheless he agreed to enter the same Cabinet as the young Heimwehr Commander.

PRINCE ERNST RÜDIGER VON STAHREMBERG.—The "flash" character of the day in Vienna, a mad-hat of thirty-one who has been in most *putsches* he could get into since the War, including the Hitler affair of '23, and against the Poles, and even in the Baltic. "Rüdi," to Vienna, much of which refuses to take him seriously, although he is Minister of the Interior, and the undisputed chieftain of at least 200,000 trained Heimwehr. Vaugoin has the army; Stahremberg the police, gendarmerie, and the Heimwehr; the dice seems heavily weighted in favour of Fascism. The first thing S. did when he became Minister was to stop a case against himself. His mother, Countess Larish-Moennich, is in Parliament and a great Catholic, and had hoped to bring her son up pro-Habsburg and to advance him via Seipel. But the young man, who was a dragoon subaltern in Russia and on the Piave, has gone Hitler to the hilt. He has fourteen castles and personally keeps a Jaegar battalion which he equipped and which was recently in Vienna. Has acted as liaison between Mussolini and Germany, and aided in smuggling through of arms to Hungary. Threatens never to give up power and to rule despite election returns. Should Austria vote heavily Fascist, Stahremberg, a descendant of the nobleman who defended Vienna in 1683, should be as good as local Duce in no time. Married a Salm, 1928.

MAJOR VON PABST.—German. Rarely seen, but is organizing brains of, and pulls strings of Heimwehr; a German running Austrian Fascism even as an Austrian runs the German article! Pabst was banned from Austria last year and went to live in Venice, where he has been acting as Duce's go-between to Austria, Germany, Hungary. "Where Pabst is, trouble is" they say in Vienna, and at this writing nobody knows where he is.

DOCTOR HUEBER.—Second young Heimwehr man in Ministry with portfolio of Justice, another vital leverage. Aged thirty-six.

DOCTOR STRAFELLA.—Third Heimwehr firebrand, and who has been given charge of the Austrian State railways: transport.

MAJOR BARON VON FEY.—Head of the Clerical pro-Seipel section of the Heimwehr. As in Budapest, the Austrian Heimwehr is split, but the Stahremberg section is much the stronger. (In Budapest the split is between the Magyars who are pro-Otto but wish him as King of Hungary only, and those of the Heimwehr who are "Nazi," i.e., anti-Catholic and therefore anti-Otto.)

DOCTOR SCHOBER.—Ex-Chancellor who has formed Centre Party backed by manufacturing, business, and industrial heads, also by England, France, etc. The reputed strong, moderate man who might hold balance in the end between Heimwehr and Socialists. Has Jewish suffrages as well, and the Jews in Austria possess something like 80 per cent. of business and 60 per cent. of industry. Jews are in rather unfortunate position. Habsburgs were always friendly, so Jews firstly encouraged Heimwehr, lavishing money, thinking them pro-Hapsburg. Now Heimwehr, full of Jewish money, have rounded, calling Jews "Asiatics," and Jews are very frightened.

DOCTOR WOTTAWA AND HERR SCHUMY.—Leaders of the lesser pan-German and Landbund Parties favourable to Schober.

JULIUS DEUTSCH.—Commander of the Republican Defence Corps. If there is a *putsch* in Vienna Deutsch and Stahremberg will be face to face at the head of the rival forces. Deutsch's Schutzbund numbers about 150,000, chiefly working-class, but is not as well-found, armed, or trained as the Heimwehr. Deutsch has many times offered to disarm if Stahremberg would also." Rüdi's" reply has been to smile.

HERR BAUER.—Brain of the Socialists, fighting for dear life the Vaugoin-Seipel-Stahremberg offensive coalition aimed at submerging the Party as Hindenburg hoped might happen in similar circumstances at the German elections, but where the Socialists lost only a dozen seats. Will their Viennese brethren equally hold hard?

THE PRESIDENT: Herr Wilhelm Miklas

THE MONARCHIST: Dr. Ignaz Seipel

Now, in regard to Austria's situation. Living in the capital is relatively cheap and solid, and it must be more so on the land. But financial and commercial conditions are very bad, and moderate men wish to think only of these grave handicaps, saying that Heimwehr and Socialists will just about wreck things between them. Already the second half of a big foreign loan has been lost through the uncertainty. The Austrians, however, have not the same incentive to go Hitler as had the Germans. Their War debt was washed out, and their only debt is to America for early-on food supplies (coupled, of course, with post-War loans). They have two deep grievances against their Treaty, Mussolini's taking of South Tyrol, and the absence of an economic union with the Succession States. I have good grounds for saying that an arrangement has been come to by which Rome's recompense for the setting up of a Facist State in Austria will be, firstly, a generous lifting of Italianization in South Tyrol, and eventually the return to Austria of the territory extending to the Salurn Pass. This would leave some thousands of Austrians still in Italian hands, but it is all Austria has asked. In regard to grievance No. 2, Austrians complain that the markets of the Succession States are all open against Austria into which goods are dumped. Austria used to manufacture for 50,000,000; now she has to be content with doing so for 7,000,000. Everywhere plant is rusting away. She wants economic union with her neighbours, and it is the lack of this which is driving thousands weekly into the *Anschluss* camp (throwing in the national lot with the Reich). But it would be wrong to imagine that the *Deutschtum* movement is universal. It finds foes or critics in two very divergent camps; among the Clerical pro-Habsburgers and proud patriots of the past, and among the workers who would only link up with a Socialist Germany. Stahremberg is wholeheartedly for the *Anschluss*. In this he is playing the Duce's game in hoping to make of Austria a bridge between the Fascism of the South and the Fascism of the North, the whole resultant machine to go all out for Revision by peace or war.

The hand of Mussolini is very evident in Austrian events. The Press is censored; a list of correspondents who will be expelled has been drawn up; the Heimwehr atmosphere is strongly anti-Ally (or ex-Ally); in their light-brown shirts and with hand held up in Roman style, the Heimwehr think themselves young gods: the tactics of getting the army, police, gendarmerie, and railways into Heimwehr hands, the deletion of the King issue as weakening, is the Duce all over. Also the threat to ignore Parliament and eventually to have only Heimwehr candidates. One departure from custom has however been made. Stahremberg's entry into a non-Fascist Government is the first time such a thing has happened.

In passing, I found confirmation in Vienna that Mussolini does not send funds to the Heimwehr—he possessing none. He sends arms and guidance. The Heimwehr money comes from Hitler who in turn milks the German Industrialists who should be aiding Young payments.

A word on the geographical side in connection with Austrian events. The whole of Lower Austria (Carinthia, Tyrol, Styria) is as good as Heimwehr to a man, woman, and child, and the Stahremberg cohorts would have no difficulty in taking over locally. In the towns nearer Vienna (Linz, Graz, St. Polten, Wiener Neustadt) there are Socialist parties of from 10,000 to 20,000 and there would be fighting. The countryside all about—all over Austria—is either Clerical or Heimwehr or both. The whole issue centres on Vienna into which Hitlerites intend crowding for the election. In the capital hundreds of thousands of the working class and the Jews are violently anti-Fascist. But the Viennese are taking it all very lightly as they sit eternally in their cafés sipping coffee and water alternately and munching cream things. One café-sitter gave this definition of the Viennese character: "We are the most peaceful, internationalized, philosophic people on earth, characterless, friendly to foreigners, lacking in patriotism. Why, we were long the first to think of Pan-Europa!" The definition may be overdrawn, yet I imagine that Heimwehr and Workers will be fighting out the fate of a nation while the cafés remain filled with *karaktierlos* citizens of the middle and professional classes sipping and munching, reading the newspapers, discussing the situation. It was so on Sunday while I watched a Heimwehr procession, which circled the entire Ring, march by, bands crashing, banners flying, all the picturesque costumes of the land on view, peasants, students, Backfische, tiny schoolboys, medalled veterans of the wars, stamping, brown-shirted young companies, boy and girl scouts, the old and the young, as many women as men, the majority shouting, "Heil Hitler!" periodically and arm up, to an apparently tepid Viennese crowd. The young male physique was poor. And a notable difference from Italy was the presence in force of femininity. But Austrians will be Austrians, even the Heimwehr. It is a difficult growth that young Stahremberg is seeking to graft on to Austrian youth—the self-dramatization and peacock-parading of Fascismo on to these Austrians who were known as the most easy-going people in the world. Let us hope the patients will not lose all their charm in the metamorphosis.

Will this latter come about? I do not think there is the slightest doubt, whatever the elections bring, that Fascism has come heavily to stay in Austria, if it be not for the present on top in the capital. Should the Socialists get a majority over all parties there should be a Stahremberg *putsch* right away, short and sanguinary. Should the parties stay much as they are, there may be a Seipel-Schober makeshift for some time, chiefly on economic grounds, and in order to try and get the other half of that loan. Or else there is going to be a Stahremberg dictatorship if the Heimwehr go well enough at the polls, that force holding the key governing posts already and the legal armed forces. I think, in other words, that Mussolini has already forged his bridge between the Fascism of the south and the Fascism of the north, whate'er befall on November 9. And here I must add an important postcript to my Italian article in which I said that the Duce was too poor to fight *now*.

Failing *douceurs* emanating from other quarters, he may be ready in the future, and I have been able to obtain rather interesting information of how Austria would fit into the plan of campaign.

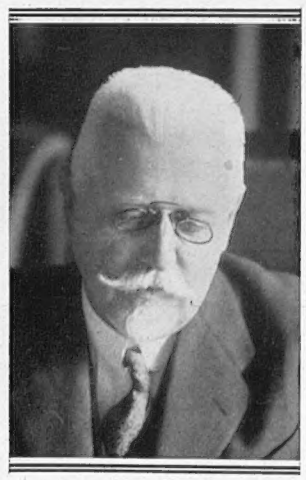
The essence of the Italian attack on Yugo-Slavia would be speed. The Duce could not risk keeping his peasant reservists in arms too long. The plan is said to be, in return for Mussolini giving back much of South Tyrol, that Austria shall allow the Italians to outflank the Yugo-Slavs by way of the Drau (or Drave) Valley, in the north.

In certain Viennese circles there are ominous mentionings, even at this early stage, of the Serbs as being "pistol people."

"They will goad the Duce into war, you see!" comes the refrain. "They will murder somebody, then apologise, and then refuse to carry out the Duce's terms of compensation."

It all sounds so dreadfully reminiscent. . . .

AUSTRIA'S GERMAN HITLER: Prince Stahremberg



THE MODERATE: Ex-Chancellor Dr. Schober

NEWS *from* ABROAD

"The Sphere" turns a Camera on the World

AWAITING THE PRESIDENT: The picturesque crowd of native citizens at Meknes, which gathered to welcome M. Doumergue, President of the Republic, on his visit with M. Maginot, Minister of War, to France's Moroccan dominions

RIOT IN NEW YORK: Political passions run high in the American metropolis, and Mr. J. Louis Engdahl, Communist candidate for Lt. Governor of New York, precipitated a severe clash between his supporters and the police by forcing an entry into the City Hall. He is seen above (with hat) under arrest

HONOUR WHERE HONOUR IS DUE: President Doumerge decorates the colours of the Third Regiment of the Foreign Legion with the Croix de Guerre for meritorious service. This was one of the ceremonies at Fez during the President's visit to Morocco, which was greeted with native enthusiasm

FASCISTS IN GERMANY: Herr Adolf Hitler with members of his party in the Fraction Room after the first sitting of the Reichstag, the liveliness of which boded a stormy session

FASCISTS IN ITALY: The police force fire brigade which Mussolini inspected recently. Il Duce has once again shaken the Chancelleries of Europe with a speech in the vein ascribed to him by Mr. Tuohy in his new "Sphere" articles

The SURVEY *of the* SPHERE

The Mine Disaster at Alsdorf: Rendition in Wei-hai-Wei: Transatlantic Fliers in Paris: The Yser Memorial

VICTIMS OF THE GREAT GERMAN MINE DISASTER: The coffins borne on lorries through the streets of Alsdorf. Over 200 victims, carried by thirty-eight lorries, were buried in one grave

BACK TO LE BOURGET: Costes and Bellonte, who flew the Atlantic to the high delight of the whole French nation, received an almost Lindberghian reception. (There is a widespread belief in France that Lindbergh was the first to fly the Atlantic.)

THE SCENES OF DESOLATION: The scene at the head of the mine at Alsdorf after the tragic explosion. This tragedy was remarkable for the damage done to the superstructure, the gases rushing up the shaft. The other recent explosion, at Maybach, though again fatal to life, did no damage above ground

THE YSER MEMORIAL: The imposing and somewhat modernistic monument unveiled the other day at Nieuport. It was erected under the auspices of the Belgian League of Remembrance. Among those present at the ceremony was Lord Granville, the British Ambassador to Belgium

HANDING OVER WEI-HAI-WEI: A party of British officials, on the extreme right of whom is Admiral Sir Arthur Kipling Waistell, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief of the China Station, awaiting the arrival of the new High Commissioner, Dr. Hsu Tsu Shan, who took over when, according to our agreement, we returned the district (to the regret of its inhabitants) to Chinese authority

The NAVIES of the WORLD (III)

A Survey of Three Notable Fleets as they are To-day

BY FRANK C. BOWEN

THE PACIFIC POWER

The exact position of the Japanese Navy made one of the most uncertain points in the London Disarmament Conference, chiefly because so few people really realized her problems or even her ideals. The country which had within a few years risen into the front rank over China and Russia might be expected to stand out stubbornly, especially as the original idea of the Conference, fixing her inferiority, could quite reasonably be interpreted into a slight. But she proved the most anxious to reach a real agreement and was a model member in the give-and-take of the discussions. And in spite of the obvious apprehension of a section of the country that her security has been endangered she is sticking loyally to her word.

On commercial matters there is ample room for two opinions, but when it comes to the Navy there is a strong bond between Britain and Japan. Not only has there been plenty to admire in the handling of the Japanese Navy in 1894 and 1904, but the Service remembers how she came into the War beside us in 1914 when it was obvious that she could have obtained everything that she wanted, probably more, by keeping out. The feeling that the Japanese Navy has for us is shown by the last visit of their training squadron to Malta. When it was announced that they would not come nearer Britain than that, every officer who could get away was quite content to spend nine days travelling in order to have a maximum of twenty-four hours, most of them very much less, on British soil.

In spite of this feeling of sympathy there is very little appreciation of Japan's difficulties, and the problem is so complex that it is impossible to go into it in a short article. Two points are predominant. One is that to a new Power prestige is everything, and the basis of the American immigration laws, generally appreciated as being quite inevitable, cannot be acceptable in Japan. Although not likely to lead to a direct war, these laws are certainly forcing Japan to look elsewhere for an area of influence, and a clash with the United States is always more than possible on this account. If that clash does come, Japan, like Britain, can be starved out, which is a very important point, colouring all her naval ideas but unfortunately usually forgotten.

While California is apprehensive of Japanese raids, Japan fears starvation, and this fear ought to win sympathy in Britain on account of our similar situation. In the circumstances, the acceptance by Japan of permanent inferiority is a very real step towards world peace provided it is recognized and appreciated in other countries, and would be suicidal did she not possess the broad Pacific as an outwork.

In both the Washington and London Agreements Japan raised the minimum of difficulty, and she is now definitely out of the running for the premier naval place which is so often described as her ambition. Comparing her battle fleet of capital ships with that of the United States the position is obvious. It consists of—

2 *Nagato* class	33,800 tons	23 knots	mounting 16—16 in. guns
2 *Ise* class	31,260 tons	23 knots	mounting 24—14 in. guns
2 *Fuso* class	30,600 tons	22½ knots	mounting 24—14 in. guns
3 *Kongo* class	27,500 tons	27½ knots	mounting 24—14 in. guns

Against these the United States can muster:—

3 *Colorado* class	32,600 tons	21 knots	mounting 24—16 in. guns
2 *California* class	32,300 tons	21 knots	mounting 24—14 in. guns
3 *New Mexico* class	32,000 tons	21 knots	mounting 36—14 in. guns
2 *Pennsylvania* class	31,400 tons	21 knots	mounting 24—14 in. guns
2 *Oklahoma* class	27,500 tons	20½ knots	mounting 20—14 in. guns
2 *Texas* class	28,750 tons	21 knots	mounting 20—14 in. guns
1 *Arkansas* class	27,900 tons	20½ knots	mounting 12—12 in. guns

The superiority of the American capital ships is obvious, and it must be remembered that five of theirs were launched since the War and only two of the Japanese. On the other hand the latter are not likely to use their heavy ships outside the Pacific theatre, whereas politics, if nothing else, will force the United States to divide her fleet for part of the time at least. The Panama Canal is the only thin link, and it is an obvious precaution of the Japanese to block this in some way, while it is bound to be many years before the duplicate through Nicaragua is completed.

In aircraft carriers America has the *Saratoga* and *Lexington*, 33,000 tons, 33 knots, armed with eight 8-in. guns each, while several 13,000-tonners are planned. Japan has the *Kaga* and *Akagi*, 28,100 tons, mounting ten 8-in. guns each, the former having a speed of 25 knots and the latter 28½. There are also smaller ships. The possibility of Japan using these big aircraft-carriers for a raid across the Pacific raising a perfect hornet's nest in the Western States is obvious.

As regards cruisers, the London Treaty allows America 323,000 tons divided into two classes: those mounting guns over 6·1-in. calibre, which may be taken to mean 8-in., and those mounting smaller pieces. Japan's allowance is 208,850, and she already possesses a cruiser fleet which is a remarkable and very appropriate force. She has eight 10,000-ton ships of the *Washington* type, 33-knotters mounting ten 8-in. guns, four modern 7,000-tonners with the same speed, and each mounting six 8-in., and fourteen modern ships of between five and six thousand tons armed with 5·5-in. guns in addition to many smaller and older ships. The Japanese Cruiser Fleet is a very formidable force indeed and magnificently handled.

In destroyers the superiority of the U.S. Fleet in point of numbers is to a certain extent negatived by the fact that they are nearly all of a standardized type, and some in rather poor condition, while the Japanese Fleet of 134 ships shows a steady progressive design into the finest destroyers in the world. Many of the bigger ships are quite capable of raiding work against the U.S. provided they have a base reasonably close at hand, and in this the possibilities of Mexico immediately arise. Similarly with submarines; both navies are making great progress, but Japan's Fleet practically all dates from the latter days of the War at the earliest, and many of them are fine ships of over 2,000 tons capable of crossing the Pacific easily.

It is most devoutly to be hoped that a Pacific war can be avoided, but it must always be in the minds both of the Americans and the Japanese. It would be a most unhappy and, if one may use the term, unsatisfactory war in any circumstances, and one likely to put a big strain on the personnel of both combatants. In such circumstances full weight must be given to the magnificent spirit of the lower-deck of the Japanese Navy, whereas the young American, when not stirred by the call of immediate patriotism, proves very difficult to persuade into naval uniform.

THE MEDITERRANEAN LANDS

The Agreement of London having left naval matters on the High Seas fairly stabilized until the year 1936, although nobody quite knows what is going to happen then, attention is naturally drawn to the Mediterranean naval situation, and it is quite a problem how to take the sabre-rattling that has recently been going on in both France and Italy. The present short naval truce that has been agreed upon by the two countries means absolutely nothing; it only requires a standard book of reference to show that, and although everybody hopes that it will be made permanent it would be unsafe to reckon on any such thing.

Of course, all the friction between the two Latin countries may be nothing but talk, there have been many warlike speeches made on both sides of the border since the 'sixties which have resulted in nothing, but at the same time they may have some deeper significance, and as the trade lanes to and through the Mediterranean are of such vital interest to Britain, it is necessary to study the possibilities of trouble between the two countries.

Disregarding the possibility of any surprise coup giving the frontier to one or other of the parties, it would appear that land war between them will probably result in the tedious business of entrenchments, and that most of the actions will take place at sea. An actual invasion of either country by water is difficult to imagine, but at the same time each has its weaknesses of which the other is fully aware.

Italy has her abnormally long coastline on which are situated most of her important towns and railways, terribly vulnerable to heavy gun-bombardment from the sea. This bombardment is likely to have all the more political influence on the conduct of the war on account of the excitability of the people.

On the other hand, the sea lane between the South of France and her North African departments has been very rightly described as the main artery of the country, and its cutting, although it would not necessarily bring the country to her knees, would make a huge difference both in men and foodstuffs, and is the basis of all Mediterranean strategy.

As far as capital ships are concerned France has a big preponderance, but at the present moment neither Admiralty has any place for them, and it is very doubtful whether they would be used to any great extent in a future war except perhaps for bombarding. France talks about building a new battleship or battle-cruiser in answer to the 10,000-ton German *Ersatz Preussen* which has made such an impression on Gallic ideas, but she is not yet built, and if she ever is she will probably be kept in the Atlantic to guard against the danger from the north which is always in the minds of the French Admiralty Staff.

It is more probable that it will be essentially an opportunity for the *jeune école* to prove the possibilities of its tenets in the main theatres of war, for both France and Italy possess very fine fleets of cruisers, torpedo craft, and submarines.

When the Washington Treaty fixed 10,000 tons as the maximum displacement for cruisers, a maximum which soon became the minimum, it was freely prophesied that the design would become standardized, but it has proved that there is plenty of room for minor differences, and both the French and the Italian designers have worked these differences fully in the direction of dash.

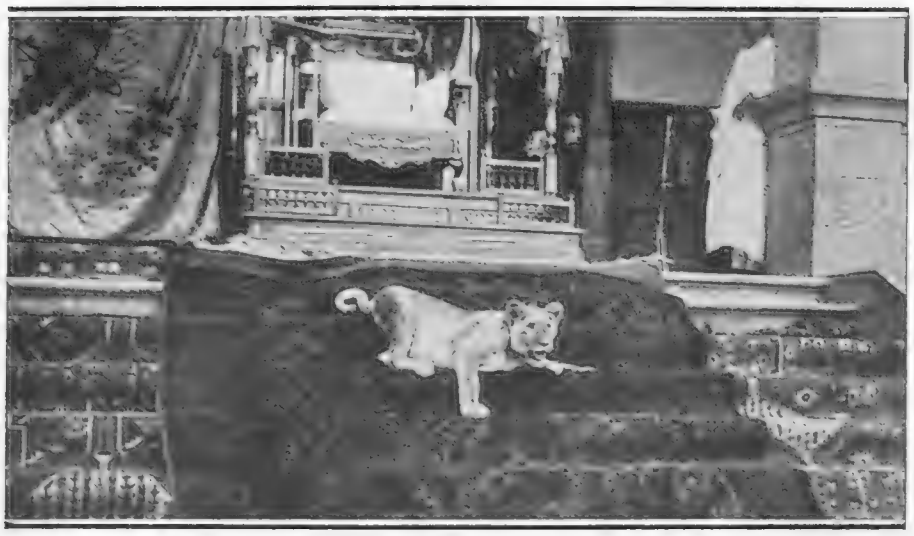
Both navies built cruisers as soon after the signing of the Treaty as they could prepare the designs, so that the French now have five at sea or on the point of completion, one under construction and more projected. Generally speaking they are sister ships—long, lean, business-like looking vessels without any of the frills and fancy-work which made the French battleships in the old days so wonderful to look at. They have a main battery of eight 8-in. guns backed by eight 3-in. or 3·4-in. anti-aircraft weapons. The earliest ships were mere "tinclads," with practically no protection and a speed of 34½ knots which was spectacularly raised at the trials of the *Tourville* to 36·15, a speed which attracted great attention without pointing out that she was very light at the time and in no condition for action. In the later French ships the speed has been reduced to 33 knots in favour of protection, and they have all shown themselves to be excellent seaboats and most economical at anything less than full speed.

Against these the Italians have also six 10,000-tonners (two completed, four building with remarkable rapidity) and others projected. The French experience is repeated in their case; the earlier ones were designed for 35½ knots and did 38 on trial with only a certain measure of armoured protection, while the later ones have a belt over 5 in. thick and a speed of 32 knots. All have a main battery of eight 8-in. guns backed with the most powerful anti-aircraft battery afloat, sixteen 3·9-ins.

As a second line, France has the three 7,360-ton cruisers of the *Duguay-Trouin* type which may be regarded as reduced *Washingtons*, while the Italians have worked on entirely different lines and are building six remarkable vessels known as the *Condottieri* class, 5,250 tons with a little armour, a battery of eight 6-in. guns of a new type, and a designed speed of 37 knots—which will probably be greatly exceeded. For making a dash at a trade lane it would be difficult to beat these ships providing the distance is not too great. More are projected.

Both countries possess some remarkable overgrown destroyers which are described as flotilla leaders, but which are really small fast cruisers, and in addition a large number of modern destroyers of excellent design, and submarines.

Each country has built for her own special purposes, and each has contrived a magnificent fleet from that point of view. Each fleet has gone in for mine-laying, both with surface craft and submarine, and the Mediterranean lane would undoubtedly be most uncomfortable for neutrals, which draws particular attention to the British Suez route to India, Australia, and the East.



AN IMPERIAL PET: One of Ras Taffari's pet lion cubs playing on the steps of the throne in the Palace at Addis Ababa

RAS TAFFARI: The Conqueror of the Middle Ages

The Thrilling Story of Abyssinia's Modernizing Emperor

By RUTH A. WEEKS

PART II

Empress Zauditu was between fifty and sixty years old—no one seems to know exactly. She had seen many of the customs and habits of the Abyssinia of her father, Menelik, pass, and with blind devotion she had held on to those that were left. With her death has disappeared the greatest obstacle to progress in her country. Now Taffari has a clear field to put through his cherished ambition to lead his people out of the throes of medievalism.

The Empress is dead. Long live the Emperor! On the following day Taffari proclaimed himself "Negusa Negast, King of Kings of Abyssinia." He is now supreme, and he is the most intelligent and progressive leader in the country. A modern Abyssinia will most probably emerge from this cocoon of the past if he continues to turn up trumps.

The events that preceded the *dénouement* of the first two days of April were almost as dramatic as the final act of the drama. We have sketched them briefly; a more thorough examination will trace graphically the rise of Ras Taffari to power and depict the early triumphs in his war on the Middle Ages.

Back to 1916, then. The Emperor Lij Yaser brought his short reign to an end in that year by leaning too far toward Islam. Ethiopia, Christian since the third century, with its fanatical priesthood, would have none of him. After one of the greatest and bloodiest battles in Ethiopia, in which over 60,000 troops were engaged on each side, the army of Lij Yaser was routed. He was dethroned, and four years later was imprisoned in Fitche. And there he has remained, enclosed in the four walls of his Court.

Lij Yaser is now thirty-six years old, is enormously fat, and consoles himself with women and *tej*, the national drink of fermented honey mixed with water and herbs. About him through the years have been three circles of guards. The first of these is under command of Ras Kassa, cousin of the deposed emperor and Governor of the province of Salale, in which he is imprisoned. The second circle has been composed of guards of the Empress, while the third is Ras Taffari's. Each set of guards watches and reports on the others. No wonder that the prison of Lij Yaser has been a hotbed of intrigue.

The Empress Zauditu rode into power as the successor of Lij Yaser, and Ras Taffari, then Governor of the Province of Harrar, became the Regent. That marked the beginning of his power and the opening of his war upon the forces of the Middle Ages. Between 1916 and 1923 the world heard little of Ras Taffari; he was quietly consolidating his power and trying to give his country a just and peaceful rule. But in 1923 he became the centre of the world's news through a brilliant and strategic manœuvre. His country was surrounded on all sides by the colonies of Britain, France, and Italy. These colonies are not rich in natural resources, while Abyssinia is a mine of unexploited and untapped wealth, and the three Mother Countries had already acquired corners of his realm, and thus had made of Abyssinia an inland empire shut off from access to the sea. If Abyssinia could become a member of the League of Nations that august assembly might be instrumental in keeping his remaining territory intact. So he asked for admission, but the League could not consider a candidate that permitted slavery within its borders. Well and good. Taffari, while he could not actually free the slaves, would make the future buying and selling of human beings illegal, so that in time slavery would die out. This was acceptable to the League, and Abyssinia became a member in good standing.

Slaves are helped to freedom by an ingenious process. If a slave escapes his master must find and claim him within a fixed time limit, which is purposely made very short. By the time the master has found his property, usually the chattel is a free man.

In 1924 the Regent decided that it was high time that he and his advisors knew something about how the rest of the world lived and got along. He would take a trip to Europe and see for himself. His advisors in Addis Ababa shook their heads.

"You are throwing away your power and prestige for an idea," they warned. "The moment you leave the country powerful chieftains will unite with the Empress and Lij Yaser will be restored to the throne."

Ras Taffari's answer was typical of the man—he invited his most dangerous opponents to accompany him to Europe. And in Ethiopia a royal invitation is tantamount to a command. So to Europe with him went Ras Hailu, Governor of the Province of Goojjam, and others. A strange group of friendly enemies!

Everyone knows the outcome of this spectacular visit to the capitals of Europe. It put Abyssinia on the map with the Old World Powers. It also resulted in return visits to Abyssinia by the Duke of Abruzzi, representative of the King of Italy, and other emissaries of the kingdoms and republics of Europe. Thus did Taffari turn up his second trump.

In 1927 the Regent drew his next card. He sent to Washington his Special Representative, Dr. Waldo Martin, "The Colonel House of Tagari," a cultured Abyssinian who had been educated in England and who for years was in the Indian Civil Service. His mission was to re-establish diplomatic relations with the United States and to prevail upon that Government to create a definite American Legation at Addis Ababa. As a result the President appointed a Minister, Addison E. Southard, an officer of the foreign service who was well acquainted with the Regent and who knew the country and its people intimately.

Dr. Martin followed up this move by starting negotiations with the J. G. White Construction Company of New York for the construction of the Lake Tsana Dam. The Blue Nile, which has its source in this lake and which flows 500 miles through Abyssinia before it enters the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, furnishes the water, laden with the rich red silt of the northern Ethiopian highlands, that irrigates the thousands of acres of cotton land in the Sudan and Egypt. Without this life-giving water the Gezira, that island triangle south of Khartum and between the White and Blue Niles, would be a barren waste. A dam built at the southern extremity of Tsana, where the river flows out of it, would hold its waters in reserve for use during the proper seasons and would supplement the effective work now being done by the Sennar and Assuan dams.

The British have planned for the last twenty or more years to construct this dam, as these waters mean life or death to the Sudan and to a lesser extent to Egypt. A treaty signed with the Italians two decades ago stated that the latter would have no objections to the British building this dam and constructing a highway from the Sudan border to it, a distance of about 100 miles. On the other hand, the British were to give their support and consent to the Italians in building a railroad across Abyssinia to connect their colonies of Eritrea and Somaliland, a stretch of well over 1,000 miles.

Both countries began building railways, the immediate objectives of which were the frontiers of Abyssinia. The British opened a new line last year from Port Sudan, the nearest point of which, at Gedaref, passes within 100 miles of Gallabat, on the border. The Italian railway is now pushing rapidly down into the south-west corner of Eritrea.

But Taffari had a better plan, one calculated to be more to the interests and welfare of his own country. The British are very good builders of dams, but so are the Americans. Why not have the latter erect the Tsana dam on a cost-plus basis; why, as this water is owned and controlled by Abyssinia, should not the Sudan pay his country upon the completion of the project a fixed sum for the use of this water, this revenue to be paid by Abyssinia to the American engineers until the dam is paid for?

And why, at the same time, would it not be a better plan if the Americans built a motor-transport highway from Abbis Ababa to the dam, a distance of some 250 miles, so that materials for the dam could go through Abyssinia instead of the Sudan? This part of the country could be opened up to traffic, and the Abyssinian Government could rush its troops from the capital to the dam in case of trouble from the turbulent mountaineers about the lake.

And so after three years of parleys between the officials of Britain, Abyssinia, and the United States, and negotiations among their engineers, it has been agreed that Taffari's plan will prevail and that the Americans will do the job. Preliminary details have been worked out, and this autumn the White Company will send out engineers who will survey the highway and the site of the dam.

And so this clever negotiator, this shrewd master of the wiles of diplomacy, again has gained his objective.

All this happened while Taffari was still Regent. The advisors of Zauditu decided one day that it was high time to curb his ambition and thwart his growing power.

The opportunity arose in the following manner characteristic of the country. The Empress had an adopted daughter not of royal blood. This girl married a noble of high, but not royal, rank. And when a child was born to them the proud father ordered guns to be fired in honour of the occasion. But the laws of Abyssinia permit the Palace guns to be used only to notify the public of the birth of an Imperial heir, and they provide for a fine of fifty Maria Theresa dollars for each shot fired in infraction of the *Fetha-Negäst*. Taffari exercised his prerogative and imposed the fine, and the Imperial favourite wished that he had been more sparing of his ammunition.

The Empress was of course greatly mortified and chagrined. A few days later when Taffari made his regular visit to the Empress he suddenly found himself a prisoner in her palace, surrounded by her bodyguard. His retinue notified Taffari's wife, the Princess Menen, who ordered out the municipal guards and the Regent's forces to free their master.

At the head of the relieving column was a war tank that had been presented to the Regent by the Duke of the Abruzzi when he visited Abyssinia. Commands to open the barred gates brought no response. The tank lurched forward, crashing its way through the gates.

At sight of this the leaders of the Empress's bodyguard escaped from her palace and sought refuge in the near-by mausoleum dedicated to Menelik the Second. Nightfall saw the tank on the steps of the tomb and the Regent pacing the circular balcony of the Empress's palace calmly viewing the scene, and once more master of the situation. The prisoners had all night to contemplate their predicament. At dawn the Regent sent word to them that he would batter down the walls of the tomb if they did not surrender.

"But you would not destroy the tomb of Menelik and bring down the wrath of the country upon your head?" was the answer of the astonished General Abba Wauku.

"I shall, indeed!" was Taffari's answer. "And, moreover, I shall build a magnificent tomb—one more in keeping with the memory of the great Menelik—with the bones of you and your misguided followers as a fitting foundation."

General Abba Wauku and his minions tumbled unceremoniously out of the mausoleum, and within a week Ras Taffari had been crowned King.

And now this recent coup of early April has been Taffari's final and greatest victory.

Addis Ababa is strategically located, both from a military and economic view-point, in the exact centre of the country. Its present modern means of communication with the outside world is by a railway 500 miles long, from Addis Ababa to Jibuti, the port of French Somaliland. It takes three days to make this trip each way, as the trains do not run at night. Taffari's 'planes fly it in four hours.

When commercial travellers and tourists can fly from the sea to the capital in four or five hours on a regular service they will come in hundreds to exploit the wealth and to see the wonders of this interesting and little-known country. And the swashbuckling pre-Renaissance era of Abyssinia will come to an end.

"TRAILING CLOUDS of GLORY"

Nubilous Studies of Nature in Two Opposing Moods—Grave and Gay

When Sea Meets Sky: *A water-spout seen off the coast of Rhodes, the jewel of the Ægean once guarded by the Colossus. The photograph from which this picture is reproduced was taken from the R.M.S.P.* Atlantis *during the Mediterranean cruise. The spout was some four miles from the ship. The phenomenon is caused by a whirling column of water descending towards the sea, and usually forms a gyrating column between the cloud and the surface of the water*

Cumulus Cloud with an Immensely Long Plume of False Cirrus: *A remarkable study of vaporous phenomena by C. J. P. Cave of Stoner Hill, Petersfield, Hants, exhibited at the Royal Photographic Society Exhibition of 1930. This type of picture has not only an æsthetic value, great though that is, but also a practical worth; for in these days of air travel the study of clouds grows in importance*

"I saw members of the Gdud Avadah (Labour Battalion) on their way to their work in the fields. The bicycle is, as may be gathered from this picture, an almost universal form of transport"

A VISIT TO A RUSSO-JEWISH COMMUNAL SETTLEMENT IN PALESTINE

How Young Men and Women work together as Farming Units at Kiriat Anabim and Ain Herod

It is not only in Russia that experiments are being made in collective farming.

The most successful agricultural colonies in Palestine are those run on communal lines. The system varies in its details, but not in its aim, which is to extract the maximum wealth from the soil by the organized labour of a community every member of which is entitled to a share in the profits.

At Dilbh, near Jerusalem, which in Hebrew is Kiriat Anabim, the City of the Grapes, there are a hundred and twenty inhabitants, including thirty-five couples who have taken each other for better or for worse, but not always according to the "ordinances of holy matrimony."

They are all young people from the Ukraine, and they speak only Russian and Hebrew, which is possibly their initial mistake, for they live in the middle of an Arab country, wherein before the Balfour declaration, everyone, whether Jew or Moslem, spoke the local Arabic.

When they left Russia the average age among them was about twenty. Now the majority are ten years older, and they bear the marks of what is undoubtedly a very hard life. It is also a particularly gallant one.

The men work for eleven hours a day, from 5 a.m. to noon and from 2 p.m. to 6, and the women average eight hours in kitchen and bakery, laundry and nursery, in dairy and henhouses and vegetable gardens. Dilbh possesses two thousand dunams of land, but only half of it is at present cultivable. The rest is arid mountain soil which must be broken up by hard labour. When I visited the colony it was selling a thousand litres of milk a day and four hundred eggs, but the products for which Dilbh is famous are its table grapes and its honey.

Men in Russian blouses belted with strips of leather were planting rows of fruit trees on the hill side. Others were ploughing with a team of mules, and a dozen were building a new house, for among them are carpenters, plasterers, joiners, and masons. Women in wide black bloomers and white shirts, sandals on their feet, legs and cropped curly heads bare to the wind, were working in the henhouses, of which there are four, with two hundred and fifty white leghorns in each.

There is complete equality between the sexes, and the women have as much say as the men at the Saturday meeting, when the programme of work for the following week is discussed and arranged. When they first came from Russia, inspired with the ideals of the Socialist organization to which they belonged and determined, in spite of parental opposition, to create something fundamentally Hebrew in the land they regard as Eretz Israel, they tried taking all work in rotation, but the experiment did not produce the best results, for cows prefer milkmaids who are known to them and children have a habit of objecting to a change of nurses.

"Most people, I noticed, had a knowledge of engineering sufficient to repair the tractors in use at the farms"

Work goes on for three hundred and ten days out of the year, and nine-tenths of the profits go back into the land or are applied to the improvement of buildings and stock. So far no interest or amortisation has been paid on the original capital provided by the Zionist organization, and further sums have been advanced for development, so Dilbh cannot be said to be self-supporting, but its inhabitants spend nothing on themselves. The women wear the simplest straight dark cotton frocks and printed overalls. They own no jewellery, not even a brooch, and no powder-puffs or lipsticks. Like the men they draw on a common store for clothes and boots, for which authority is obtained from the weekly meeting.

Each couple has one room in which they and their children sleep, and there are four or six such quarters in each small white house, roofed with slates of a cheerful red, its shutters bright blue, so that it looks like something from a well-kept Noah's Ark. The single men and girls sleep in separate dormitories, and in another building there are the communal dining and living rooms. Four women run the kitchen and bakery. Others are self-instituted laundresses and dressmakers. The nicest of the little white houses are devoted to crêche and kindergarten, where the happiest and healthiest children I've ever seen spend their waking lives.

In the crêche, babies fair and dark, blue-eyed and brown, lie in rows, some in cots, some in a shallow wooden trough divided by partitions, all very clean and white, and covered with mosquito netting. In the kindergarten there are lots of flowers and all sorts of quaint pictures and plasticine models. I saw no toys, but there was an atmosphere of gaiety and good temper, and the children were learning in the brightest spot in the colony that personal possessions are unnecessary, and that each mite must do something for the general good.

At Dilbh, one room is kept as an hospital, and the nurses are appointed in rotation as the necessity for their services arises. A mother is generally allowed a month of leisure after the birth of her child, and when babies are ill their mothers are released from work to look after them in the crêche.

There is no synagogue, for to the average young colonist from Central Europe or the Ukraine the Hebrew University has taken the place of the Temple. In science he sees the salvation of the world.

Dilbh has a library containing the works of Einstein, Pirandello, Karl Marx, Emile Ludwig, Galsworthy, and Freud, besides a catholic collection of scientists of all nations. The Workers' Organization possesses between forty and fifty thousand books which it lends to colonies, organized groups, and training centres, and it has a sick fund to which every communal colonist belongs, the subscription of approximately four shillings a month being paid out of the colony's funds.

At Dilbh the dormitories and the family bedrooms are quite unadorned. They are without carpets or curtains, and they contain no more than the necessary beds, very narrow and austere, a hard chair, a table, and generally a bunch of flowers. The walls are yellow-washed, and when I was there the Passover, cleaning was in full swing.

At first the colonists could have meat only once a week. Now they

With Rosita Forbes in the Near-East

The First of a Series of Four Articles by the Famous Woman Traveller and Explorer Dealing with Various Phases of Modern Life in Lands Traditionally Antique

can afford it three times. Their dinner of vegetables, bread, milk, and macaroni is at noon, and they have a light cold supper whenever they have finished their work. They drink no wine, and few of them smoke. The women, sturdy and serious, are of solider build than the men, and most of them look older than their age. All the colonists seemed to me self-reliant and self-sufficient. Deliberately they had set themselves to plough a particularly hard row, and they were not going to turn back. Neither were they going to offer any explanation or allow any sympathy.

Ain Herod, between Haifa and Tiberias, is the largest communal colony. It has a population of approximately two hundred and fifty, and farms some three thousand acres. It goes in chiefly for cereals, vegetables, and forestry. Many of its members have been

"In the Girls' Agricultural School at Nahalal I was interested at the enthusiasm shown by the students. Below on the right is shown a remarkable facet of life in the communal colony —grandparents and tiny tots at work together in the garden"

University students, and when asked if they did not miss the intellectual stimulus of the towns they had left, their spokesman replied to the effect that culture was about the least real thing modern Europe had produced. It was no more than talk. It got nowhere and created nothing.

Ain Herod is more advanced than Dilbh. Here the children are taken from their parents a week after their birth and placed in the first of a series of delightful wooden houses where, graded according to age, they sleep, eat, and play, under the care of white-clad specialists with white muslin curtains fluttering against the bare planks of the walls. Possessing nothing that is not also the property of their neighbours, they learn to share their work and play. As soon as they can think they are taught to help in the general work, and probably the one ambition of every boy and girl is to grow up quickly to the great age of fifteen, when they can become members of the colony with an equal right to the soil and its service. Meanwhile, the children's hour is eagerly awaited. Then, at the end of their day's work, parents hasten to crêche and kindergarten to play with their amazingly healthy offspring who undoubtedly benefit by a rational and eugenic upbringing. On Sabbaths and holidays families are united for twelve or fourteen hours, and off they go on picnic parties, parenthood more amusing, perhaps, because robbed of all responsibility.

The walls of the long, white-washed dining-room at Ain Herod are hung with bold, modern drawings representing the relations between capital and labour, with charts of wind and temperature, lists of working hours, and notices of courts of honour. As at Dilbh, the affairs of the whole colony are settled at a weekly meeting, but at the beginning of each year, five judges are appointed to preside at the courts of honour and two of these must be women. Any member of the colony can demand a court of honour to settle a dispute, but the decision of the judges is final. By a united verdict they can expel a colonist for a period, or for ever. They can also punish by imposing extra labour, or excluding the offender from lectures, library, common-room, and other group activities.

At Ain Herod, as at several of the older colonies, parents have joined their children, and if they are, as is generally the case, too old to work, they are supported by the common fund. Generally they are practising Jews, rigidly devout in the matter of food and other religious observances, with the result that tolerant but sceptical youth pauses awhile from its intensive agriculture, and builds its parents a synagogue and a special kitchen and dining-room, wherein is banned all that does not chew the cud and part the hoof.

The communal colony of Zionism has established a new and simple relation ship between the sexes, and it has made a bold attempt to free women from unnecessary domesticity. The tyranny of range and mangle is at an end. The terror of sexual ignorance which Susanna must have visualized before the Elders is no more. Whether the pendulum can swing in one direction only remains to be seen. Perhaps beauty also is in on the wing.

ROSITA FORBES

"The open air, in which children at the communal colonies are kept as much as possible, renders them the healthiest I ever saw in my life"

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on

GEISHAS TAKE TO JAZZ: The little ladies of Japan are learning many facets of Occidental life, to come into line with the Westernization of the whole country. The Geishas of Nihonbashi, Tokio, are seen above learning Hula-hula dances

WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

DUTCH ZEPPS.—Disasters, not even the most appalling of them, have ever served to halt or to check progress in development of rapid transportation. If they had done so we should be travelling in ox-carts instead of railways, steamers, motor-cars, aeroplanes, and airships.

Undeterred by the *R 101* catastrophe, a Dutch group is considering the practicability of connecting Holland with its Dutch East Indies colonies by air with Zeppelins.

At the instance of this group, Dr. Hugo Eckener, head of the Zeppelin Works in Friedrichshafen, as famous a meteorologist as he is commander of the *Graf Zeppelin*, is going to Java to make a careful meteorological study of the route and of the weather conditions in the East Indies. He is scheduled to sail for Batavia early in the New Year.

The contemplated route, I understand, is down the Rhône Valley to eastward of Marseilles, thence over the Mediterranean to Alexandria, across Egypt, and out on the Red Sea south of the Suez Canal. Then over the Red Sea and down the coast of Africa to British, or Italian Somaliland, and from there directly eastward on a line south of the southern coast-line of Sumatra to Java.

A vast amount of meteorological data covering many years, have been submitted by the Dutch to Dr. Eckener. This has so impressed him that he has signified his willingness to make a personal study of the route and conditions.

Steamers take up to twenty-one days to make the trip. An airship could make it in about five days.

One refuelling station and two or three emergency mooring masts *en route* are considered necessary.

Dr. Eckener may stop in Egypt either going or returning. He will make a particular study of air currents and weather in Arabia, near Aden, and again farther down the African coast in British and Italian Somaliland, in order to determine the most suitable place for refuelling and for the required emergency mooring-masts.

A large terminal air-dock or hangar near Batavia is a part of the scheme.

If Dr. Eckener finds from his survey that it is practicable to use Zeppelins for regular service on that route it is said that a Dutch company with a capital of £2,000,000 will be organized.

APOTHEOSIS OF GANGDOM.—The glorification of crime in the cinema and in books, the imaginative creations of super-criminals by fiction- and scenario-writers, the weaving of war on society, law, and morals, into alluring, romantic adventure which appeals so strongly to thousands who lead prosaic lives and crave excitement, if only vicariously, is bearing inevitable fruit.

New York and Chicago, the two largest cities in an America that boasts of its power, civilization, and culture, appear to be unable to cope with their criminal elements—their gangsters and gunmen, their wide and secret ramifications. They are the "Mafia" of America.

In the Southern States ignorant negroes who, without knowing of the existence of Freud, express the Freudian theory of non-repression of desires, are lynched, sometimes burned at the stake, for their attacks upon white women. In Michigan a poor widow who sought to support several children by selling "bootleg" whisky is given a life-sentence in prison for the fourth offence.

The many thousands of police and detectives in New York and Chicago cannot deal with an Al Capone and a "Legs" Diamond, big chiefs of criminal gangs, who despite the wealth they are accused of enjoying as a product of crime, are free, and in danger only from the risks of inter-gang warfare.

The newspaper space given to Capone, Diamond, and their activities, is perhaps exceeded only by that devoted to President Hoover—and not always that. It attests public interest in them, if we go on the theory that newspapers provide the public with what it wants, Neither Capone nor Diamond are "master minds" or "super-criminals" of the Edgar Wallace or Conan Doyle conception. One can scarcely compare them even to the "Number One" pirate in Hong Kong of the Bias Bay age-old organization of pirates.

Then what shall we think of the mental qualities of the heads of police organizations in New York and Chicago who are supposed to deal with such crime and criminals—and fail utterly? Where are the detectives of romance?

Fifteen detectives were necessary to protect the wounded Diamond "chief racketeer" in the hospital in New York. The public appeared to have a sentimental interest in him, and apparently no repugnance to the law-breaking with which his name is associated. He was deluged with flowers like some stage or screen star

Are these "racketeers" the knights or troubadours of the New World to whom a certain type of American woman is turning for romance?

Insidious glorification of such men and their crimes against society and law, on the one hand, and the prohibition background from which the "racketeers" derive their wealth on the other, are the two main causes for such conditions in America. The hardest and most effective blow against such lawlessness would be for the American people to return to repealing the "bone dry" laws and thereby destroy the allure of doing something dashing and daring in taking a drink.

THE AMERICANISED GEISHA.—Glamour of romance, exotic piquancy, and traditional accomplishments no longer suffice for the butterfly-like Geisha's stock-in-trade. Japan's national entertainers must be educated in foreign languages, current literature, politics, mah-jong, golf, and jazz.

Such is the decision of the National Association of Geisha House Keepers, after a round-table discussion about "What's Wrong with the Geisha Business." Japanese pressmen, expressing their approval in "English," agree that the old-fashioned Geisha needs "a little more boop-a-doop in their technique," that "it may be all right for a girl to sing ancient songs and write poetry in the Chinese manner, but the modern tempo is a bit more hotsy-totsy." Provoked no doubt by these picturesquely-worded criticisms, Mr. Tokutato Kawamura, President of the Geisha Association, announces the opening of a new school for Geisha, with a series of lectures on various subjects, such as Western music and dancing, newspapers and magazines, the English language, composition of poems of various types, courses in water-colour and oil-painting, domestic science, and elementary sociology.

"If the Geisha continue to adhere to the old-fashioned traditions of their class they are bound to perish in the wave of modernization which is sweeping the country. They must be educated to keep abreast of the times," says Mr. Kawamura. "We want to make accomplished ladies out of Geisha, so that they may become worthy of attending any place of entertainment as intelligent and refined artistes. How delightful it would be, for instance, if a Geisha could compose a poem on a given subject whenever she is called upon by her guests to do so!"

The school sessions are actually being held in the old Shimbashi Geisha Exchange pending the completion of a new four-storey structure being erected at a cost of more than £12,000. The first two floors will be used as the Geisha Exchange Offices and the upper floors devoted to the school. Japan's programme of Westernization and modernization evidently does not include the discouragement or abolition of her Geisha, but rather the honour and broadening of their profession. At a recent session of the new school there were no fewer than 600 Geisha, all enrolled from the Shimbashi district, no doubt eager to wrest the monopoly of foreign accomplishments from the seven English-speaking Shichinin-gumi Geisha, who dance in Western style, ride horseback, play golf, and mah-jong.

Otaru City in Hokkaido boasts a baseball team of famous Geisha who devote an hour a day to athletics under Waka, a professional jester. Ofunesan, the first Geisha to travel round the earth, returned to Japan this summer after having spent six months seeing the world. A Geisha, Junko Hirabayashi, won a breach of promise suit against Viscount Hayata Goto after eight years' legal wrangling. The Viscount pledged eternal fidelity to the Geisha but broke his word by marrying his present wife, Sadako. Judge Takaoka awarded Junko three thousand yen damages. Another Court decision ordered a man to recognize the fatherhood of a child borne him by a Geisha. Both cases were revolutionary against tradition and provided startling precedents.

HUNGARY'S INSPIRATION?—At a time when the best brains in every country are struggling with the almost unprecedentedly difficult and complicated political and economic problems in the world, it is more than merely interesting to learn what a candidate for a crown and throne is expected to know.

Archduke Otto, who will be eighteen on November 20, was examined and graduated at the exile-home of ex-Empress Zita at Lequeitio, on the coast of Spain, the other day.

A special Examination Commission, headed by Privy Councillor Count Johann Zichy, and including Professors Weber and Banhegyi, Chief Study Director von Ady, and Dr. Blazovich, a Benedictine monk, came all the way from Budapest especially to conduct the examination of "His Majesty," as they addressed him, who may one day be King of Hungary.

The following thesis was given "King" Otto to write: "The national Hungarian legends in the ethics of Johann Aranys." His paper was pronounced excellent. For an oral examination, he was set the subject of the tragedy "Bank Ban," by Joseph Katona, to speak upon. Otto also spoke before the Examination Committee on the origin of the dynasty Habsburg-Lorraine.

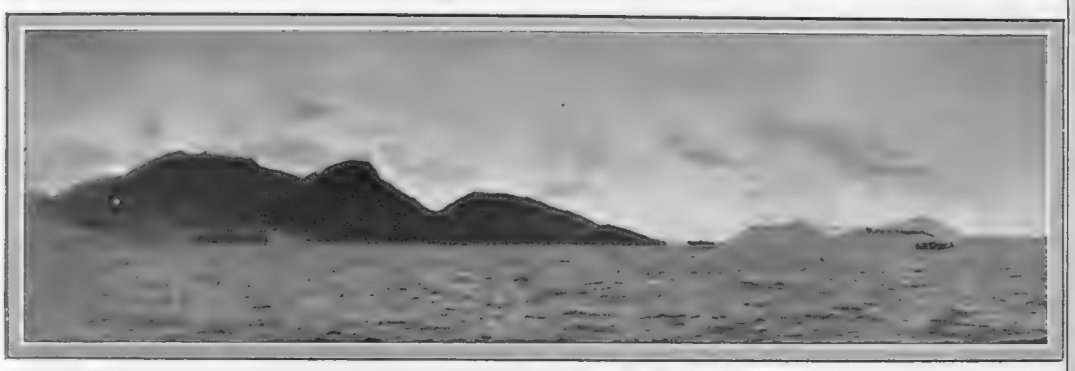
Archduke Otto has been studying in the University of Louvain. He is a handsome, agreeable, but very reserved young man. Brought up in the environment of women, elderly teachers, and priests, there is something feminine about him, and he appears older than he is. He has not associated with boys of his own age, and has little taste for athletics and sport. As he now is, it is difficult to visualize Otto as a King who could inspire Hungary to liberation of that country from the fetters laid upon it.

THE IMPERIAL HABSBURGS: Ex-Kaiserin Zita with members of her family. On the extreme left sits Otto, who may yet wear the Iron Crown of Hungary

CHIANG KAI-SHEK *Orders* AMMUNITION

Special "Sphere" Pictures of the Bringing of the Sinews of War to the Nationalist Government

LOADING AMMUNITION FOR CHINESE NATIONALISTS: The lighters, laden with ammunition, haul alongside the steamer. Stonecutter's Island is in the middle-distance, while in the background the mainland of China rises in almost Alpine grandeur



THE APPROACH TO HONG KONG: In the distance to the right is the Island of Lan Tau. Two Canton steamers are seen, the one to the right bound for its home port. The other is approaching Green Island, a small eyot on the western port of Hong Kong

DRIFTING WITH THE TIDE: A fishing junk becalmed in Lymoon Pass. Its sails are of reed matting and it carries whole families as its crew

ON GUARD: The ammunition was strongly guarded. Two of the guards are seen on watch behind a steel grille which was barred and locked, and on which hung a notice-board bearing the inscription "No Admittance." Tiger Isle, at the mouth of Pearl River, is seen behind the guard

THE TRANSFER: The actual lading of ammunition from lighter to steamer. The red flag of danger flies on its bamboo pole

The steamer *en route* to Canton on which "The Sphere" correspondent was voyaging stopped in the early morning off Stonecutter's Island, not far from Hong Kong, and proceeded to load a large quantity of ammunition for the Chinese Nationalist Government forces at Canton, being consigned to General Chan Choi Tong, the military commander of that city. While the vessel was loading the ammunition a warship was seen hovering behind Green Island, and as soon as they proceeded on their way this ship dashed past, close to, and was seen to be a Japanese destroyer, No. 26. She led the way onward through the Kap-Sing-Mun Pass (The Throat Gates). Off The Brothers, two small islets with Lan-Tau behind, the destroyer slowed down, allowed the ship to pass, and then followed closely the whole way to Canton. It transpired the ammunition had been purchased from Japan by Chiang Kai-shek's Government and the warship had no doubt been instructed to keep an eye on the vessel to ensure that the ammunition reached its rightful owners and was not taken en route either by the Kwangsi rebels and their allies, the Ironsides, or by any of the pirate gangs that infest the Pearl and West rivers.

The ECSTATIC APOTHEOSIS of D. H. LAWRENCE

AND ITS FUTILITY—With Other Literary Considerations of the Week, by CECIL ROBERTS

The literary bombshell of the year, Mr. Somerset Maugham's *Cakes and Ale*, with its easily identifiable portraits of some well-known advertisers in our midst, has not yet ceased in its repercussions. The popularity with which it has been greeted is due to something more than the wit and zest of the writing, for it ranks among the best of satires. It is also due to the nauseation of the public who, whenever a great man or pseudo-great man dies, have to suffer the spectacle of people who heard him sneeze advertising themselves with elongated reminiscences. Thomas Hardy may or may not have been a great novelist, but at fifty he would have died with little comment. At eighty up, he became a figure magnified to ludicrous proportions by writers of panegyrics and leaders of pilgrimages, who were far more concerned with hearing themselves speak than with the subject of their performances. It was all cleverly staged, and the most astonished of all must have been modest, plain little Thomas Hardy. No wonder the "Mr. Driffield" of *Cakes and Ale* winked in the course of his apotheosis.

We are now being deluged with eulogies of the late D. H. Lawrence. While it is generally accepted that we should speak no evil of the dead, this should not mean we are to talk a lot of nonsense. He was undoubtedly a man of genius, but it became so twisted, so mixed with the sexual frenzy that distorted his outlook on life, that he ceased to be of any serious importance as a creator during the last phase of his career. He burst into fame with *Sons and Lovers*, a book of magnificent achievement. After that he advanced a little, striking a new note in modern literature. He possessed a prose style at once sensuous and powerful, he extended the frontiers of expression, and was the pioneer in a domain in which his men and women became the puppets of deep, primeval impulses. Gradually a frenzy crept into his work, the obsession with the sex factor dominated everything he wrote, his prose became pathological, his vocabulary was tormented into an anatomical jargon.

His fame was somewhat enlarged by a couple of stupid prosecutions. Ridicule might have curbed his extravagance, prosecution goaded him to more furious excess. Finally *Lady Chatterley's Lover* proclaimed the bankruptcy of self-criticism. It was an exercise in unmitigated filth unredeemed by a single shaft of the light of genius or even cleverness. Police action then called attention to his ludicrous daubs, in which again, this time as painter, the erotic mania asserted itself, and the delusion of persecution was now well established. In all this there is something extremely sad. One could wish that Lawrence had been saved from his friends, who appear to have done nothing to induce a return to sanity. A few of them, it is true, expressed alarm. A few years ago a discerning critic in *The Nation* warned Lawrence that his genius was being squandered.

The final penalty of that surrender to the erotic is visible in his last book. It has most of the defects and none of the qualities of his early work. In this book, *The Virgin and the Gipsy* (Secker. 6s.), we have nearly two hundred pages in which a vicar's daughter, Yvette, conceives a physical passion for a gipsy. To bring them into a naked embrace the most preposterous flood scene is staged which surpasses anything in Lyceum melodrama. A flood beats down on the vicarage, the gipsy pulls the girl out of it, they climb up into a bedroom of the swaying house and while the water roars about them and death and destruction are all around they achieve the intimacy for which the author has laboured throughout the book. The grandmother, the end of the house, the stairs, even the trees have all been swept away, but the lovers sleep serenely, though neither of them knows the other's name!

The children of vicars are often wild but I recall no black sheep of fact or fiction who succeeded in sleeping in a falling house. Lawrence in his determination to put his characters to bed has lost all restraint. A sense of humour, which he never possessed, might have saved him from bathos. This is a sad end of a great artist who had ridden an obsession to the precipice.

The essay on D. H. Lawrence to which Miss Rebecca West has appended her name (*D. H. Lawrence*, by Rebecca West. Secker. 3s. 6d.) is an attempt to admonish the Philistines, but as one reads it the immoderation of her praise and the entire suspension of any critical faculty stamps this essay as another of those panegyrics whereby the writer proclaims her own insight and derides the obtuseness of the public. It is difficult to know with what language one could acclaim genius after a passage such as this—

> "Even so did those of us who heard of Lawrence's death feel that from the spectacle of the universe, by the incredible stupidity of the destroying angel, the best thing had gone."

After this what could one say of Socrates, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, or Shelley, or even of the most sacred figures of the Bible? Surely this is literary hysteria? Miss Rebecca West will do nothing half-heartedly. Mr. Norman Douglas is brought into this book, somewhat obscurely, and again the authoress blows a fanfare.

> "Besides being a master of English prose, he is one of the finest classical scholars in Europe, a great linguist (he can even speak and write Russian), a pianist, a composer, a caricaturist, a botanist, and a landscape-gardener—all to the highest degree of accomplishment."

Mr. Douglas, having a vivid sense of humour, can live this down. But while I have no wish to hear of his death, I am interested to know what Miss West, after that, could find to say about him when his decease stirs her to upbraiding the Philistines for neglect of his genius.

In her facts Miss West is as extravagantly wrong as she is in her fancies. What nonsense it is to maintain that Lawrence was neglected and belittled. He was singularly fortunate in many respects. His first book was widely acclaimed. From the beginning to the end of his career he commanded a vast amount of critical notice. With his pen he achieved the means to travel the world continuously with a companion, a devoted wife who gave him the greatest assistance in his work. He was the owner of a ranch, and his books, considering their nature, found a wide public on two continents. At no moment, from the opening of his career, an obscure Notts school-teacher, to the end, a writer of international fame, did he suffer neglect. The attention he received from the public authorities was stupid, but even that increased his renown. If such books as *Lady Chatterley's Lover* were compelled to emerge from a disreputable Press, and to be surreptitiously imported by collectors of the pornographic, it was because public and publishers, sane and healthy, have a shrewd judgment of these things, and know filth is filth whatever name recommends it.

We may leave Lawrence to achieve the measure of fame that his genius warrants. There is no need for such outpourings as Miss Rebecca West indulges in. His name and fame need no recommendation from the eclectic few, whose claim to vision and omniscience fills one with distrust. "We must ourselves be grievously defeated if we do not regard the life of D. H. Lawrence as a spiritual victory," says Miss West in conclusion. In that case, without any misgivings, I stand among the grievously defeated.

The greatest defect of Mr. Osbert Sitwell's new book, *Dumb Animal* (Duckworth. 7s. 6d.), is that he enlarges a small incident, and elaborates an idea until all strength is lost. The title story is a quite unnecessary embroidery on a little boy who throws a stone at a dog. The second story is that of a lady who infected her friends. "The Love Bird" is almost pointless, and this kind of thing is much better done by Mr. Maurice Baring, who thoroughly knows the aristocratic dilettante. As for "Charles and Charlemagne," the story of a lady who decorated her house in accordance with the nationality or calling of her endless lovers, the skit is so overdrawn and prolonged that it becomes a labour to finish it. It is half-way through this book that Mr. Sitwell begins to write something worthy of print. His satire on Bundle, the bucolic poet who wrote drivel and made a reputation by the threat of an early death *à la* Keats, is a perfect example of killing by ridicule. In this Mr. Sitwell is both witty and vitriolic. Mr. Bundle had "a sound bottom of Cowper and Wordsworth (Clare was to come later), a little Marlowe, a hint of Shelley, a dash of Marvell, with Keats's beaded bubbles winking at the brim, all shaken together by the local village idiot and served up very cold with a plate of bird-seed to accompany." If more prizes are to be given away by solemn owls at literary gatherings I should recommend Mr. Sitwell, on the strength of this superb satire, for the gold comforter of the Society for the Deflation of Humbugs. It is in "Happy Endings" that the author gets into his best stride. The minute history of a boy's life at an Army tutor's is as scathing as it is entertaining. The blood-thirstiness that pervades a certain section of society, the grip of tradition without erudition, the complete isolation in a world that exists without the slightest knowledge of or desire for art, literature, or music—these are portrayed with merciless dissection. If Mr. Sitwell creates the impression on his reader that he likes nobody, and the world is peopled by a race of "ninnies," some excuse is to be found in his early education. I am hopeful that one day he will direct his considerable talent to depicting somebody really pleasant. It is the harder task and the better.

This week we have two notable biographical studies, one *Wolsey* (Cassell. 15s.), from Hilaire Belloc, the other *Pepys* (Heinemann. 21s.), from John Drinkwater. Mr. Belloc cannot fail to be interesting, and the pleasure of his study of the great Cardinal is not spoiled for me by the certainty that his premises are wrong. He asserts that Wolsey was largely responsible for the downthrow of Christendom by his failure to stand by the Church, and quite ignores the fact that Wolsey could have withstood nothing of that heavy tide of the Reformation which was sweeping across Europe. The Church had destroyed itself by its corruption, its political intrigue, and the depravity into which its chief figures have fallen. Let Wolsey be exonerated from any blame of this nature. And surely it is a travesty of truth to say that "the England which Wolsey left behind sank out of Europe?" Nevertheless it has its power to raise a great scene, to marshal men and events, to elucidate and render dramatic the high points of history, and always, in the most intricate passages, Mr. Belloc is absorbing.

Mr. John Drinkwater now lives in the country home of Pepys at Brampton. To write this book he must have lived Pepys, thought Pepys, and imbibed Pepys. There is so much data, so much written and recorded of the great diarist, that the subject is a veritable morass. There is no need for any reader to wade through it in future. Here, in a clear, well-written book, Mr. Drinkwater, missing nothing of importance, has presented everything that matters.

Here is a story without any literary art, *Missing*, by Talbot Baines Bruce (Blackwood. 5s.). It is the very simple record by a young officer in the Flying Corps who came down more than a hundred miles behind the enemy's lines and had to burn his machine and make an escape. His story deserves to be remembered among the classics of escapes.

briefly commended

My selection this week offers variety: a good travel book, poetry, racy reminiscences, and five novels.

Turning Points in History (Hutchinson. 21s. net).—Lord Birkenhead's last work, which is sketchy but pungent. The turning points begin at Salamis and end with the triumph of the 5th Army. Some of the sketches are outside the scope of the title.

I Sailed with the Chinese Pirates, by *Aleko Lilius* (Arrowsmith. 15s. net).—Astonishing adventures spiritedly related, with the pirates of Macao and Canton. How charming some villains can be, and what artists in murder!

Between Ourselves, by *Seymour Hicks* (Cassell. 10s. 6d. net).—One of our most Gallic and versatile actors here tells the experiences of a long and restless life. So many persons and places make one realize, despite himself, that Mr. Hicks is qualifying to leave the Bright Old People.

A Woman of the Tudor Age (Murray. 18s. net).—A study from contemporary documents of Katherine Willoughby, Duchess of Suffolk. It throws much light on the Tudor Age.

Selected Poems of Maurice Baring (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net).—The poet's selection of his best, including the lovely "In Memoriam to Auberon Herbert" and the delicious "Elegy on the Death of Juliet's Owl."

Mosaic, by *G. B. Stern* (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net).—A continuation of the saga begun in "Tents of Israel." A vast canvas vigorously painted.

Peregrine, by *B. Dyke Acland* (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net).—A novel of the soil, human and humorous.

The Mystery of the Moor, by *J. Jefferson Farjeon* (Cruise Club. 7s. 6d. net).—A thriller, with its author's customary skill in concocting a plot and telling a good romantic story.

Another Day and Night, by *D. F. Gardiner* (Constable. 7s. 6d. net).—A lurid novel with real people sympathetically drawn.

Time to Stare, by *Marjorie Booth* (Murray. 7s. 6d. net).—The study of a clash of temperaments between the active man and the intuitive woman. The striving with the shackles of marriage to reach accord and toleration is well depicted in the sympathetic characterization of Bret and Linda, the young protagonists.

A Woman with White Eyes, by *Mary Borden* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net).—One is a little perturbed by this narrative in the first person of the life of one woman by another. It has the prodigal cleverness, movement, and comprehension that sets Mary Borden apart.

AUTUMN

Compositions by HAGEL

Though the leaves in Vailombrosa lie like shells of rustled gold,
When the sun turns black at evening and the Angelus is tolled,
And the purple spell of darkness dreams o'er land and sky and sea
And creates a spangled magic in the vales of Italy.

What though other folk hymn Winter with its sheath of shining snow,
Or laud the wealth of Summer with its flaming flowers aglow,
Or praise the chill caress, the pregnant promise of the Spring,
It is Autumn, English Autumn, that sets my soul on the wing.

When the furious copper beeches quicken ash of old desire,
When my nag is cropping clover, when my stock lows in the byre,
When the cobwebs, drenched in dewdrops—"fairy hammocks," so they say—
Make a paradise no matter where my errant footsteps stray;

When the leaves are crinkled ochre with the sunlight stretching through,
When each chimney-plume's a column of a faint and brackish blue,
Then the gentle rustic gruffness and the lowing of the kine
Is for weary men a solace and for headache anodyne.

When the sky is swart with swallows, when the air is hoarse with rooks,
When the sun's eclipsed with starlings, when the murmur of the brooks
Meanders through the green and sepia shadows of the trees
And the stubborn stalks of stubble claw the hair at Rover's knees.

It is then my spirit's loosened from the sloth my spirit holds,
When the trees are massed vermilions, crimsons, russets, yellows, golds,
When the brittle Autumn beauty's etched on earth as etched on glass,
And the acrid scent of Autumn burned like umber on the grass.

G. H. W. RAMSEY.

The PERIL and the LURE of the SAHARA

Special Pictures of Two Aspects of Desert Travel, Diametrically Opposed

SANDSTORM IN THE DESERT: The danger of travel in the wilderness in the days of camel caravans is not eliminated by motor transport. Those who trifle with the desert may reach such a nightmare situation as this—running into soft sand up to one's hubs or over. In the proximity of sand dunes there is the danger of sand storms even for the most careful

NOCTURNE IN THE SAHARA: When night falls with a surprising suddenness, the great silver stars emerge against the purple velvet of the sky and send their vibrations so clearly through the issue that they seem near as shining fruit pendant on invisible trees. With a crackling fire blazing at one's side and a native servant motionless, save when he tends the flames, one is sublimely content.

THE KING'S BEASTS, once removed on Wren's advice, on the ground of safety. It was found however that the loss of weight weakened the structure. The beasts have been cut to the old designs, and an effort has been made to set each device upon the same pillar as its identical predecessor occupied

The KING among His KNIGHTS of the GARTER

A Four-page Monograph on St. George's Chapel, Windsor, now Reconstructed and to be Re-opened Next Week

By an OLD CHORISTER of ST. GEORGE'S

For nearly ten years—since March, 1921—and at a cost of £200,000. the work has been going on, the work of restoring the roof and the fabric of what we, who in our various capacities have loved and served her, must always call "our" St. George's Chapel at Windsor Castle.

The work is now complete and the chapel, with its new strength and beauty added to all its ancient splendour, will be formally re-opened on Tuesday of next week with a Thanksgiving Service. The King and Queen will be present, together with other Knights of the Garter, the Military Knights of Windsor, State and Court officials, Members of the Royal Household, the Mayor and Corporation of Windsor, subscribers to the Restoration Fund, and those who have been engaged in the work of restoration.

And, as a prelude to this ceremonial occasion, there will be, on the evening before, an intimate, almost family, gathering of those who are, or have been, closely associated with the Chapel. The present clergy, lay clerks, choristers, and military knights will be joined by former minor canons, ex-choristers and former lay clerks from all parts of the country, and we shall, with Festal Evensong, celebrate the re-opening of "our" Chapel.

We shall sing—those of us whose voices are not beyond repair—Walmisley in D minor with its sonorous unison passages, Stanford's anthem "The Lord is my Shepherd," Sir Walter Parratt's tune to the hymn "God of Glory, King of Nations," and the choral version of Bach's "Wachet auf" (Sleepers Wake). At the end of our service Sir Walford Davies will play the St. Anne Fugue of Bach, which was the last organ work played by our beloved Sir Walter Parratt, Master of the King's Musick, and for forty-two years (1882–1924) Organist and Master of the Choristers of St. George's, before the old organ was taken down.

We wonder whether we are going to find "our" Chapel greatly changed. We know from recent observation that the King's beasts have been restored, thanks in large measure to the generosity of the father of one of those who were taking the treble solos a year or two ago. They occupy the sites which have been vacant ever since Christopher Wren removed the original effigies on grounds of safety: he intended to replace them, but this plan was not carried out, and it is surmised that the resultant shortage of weight has been one of the causes contributing to the necessity for restoration of the fabric. The beasts have now been assigned, so far as it has been found possible, to their original niches.

We have already noted, too, the addition of new buttresses to the north transept to give strength to the building, and we are familiarizing ourselves with another new feature, the disappearance of the old flat roof at the west end of the north transept and the substitution therefor of cupolas, which is in accordance with the original design as shown in contemporary drawings.

Inside the chapel, which has been closed since August, we shall be eager to see again—over the north entrance, the memorial window dedicated to the memory of St. George's Choristers who fell in the War.

And then the new organ. . . . How well one remembers the thrill with which one learnt, as a small new Chorister, that there were on the old organ certain 16 ft. (or was it 32 ft.?). diapason stops which could no longer be used because of the danger of their mighty vibrations. As it was the Garter banners seemed to stir and rattle ominously at fortissimo passages, and it was a legend with us boys that if we really tried our hardest in the Hallelujah chorus and if we could count upon the unstinting co-operation of those majestic beings singing bass behind us, we could bring the roof of St. George's crashing down upon us.

(Continued on page 224)

THE TOMB OF EDWARD IV: The greatest of the House of York, even as his far from great Lancastrian predecessor, did a great deal for St. George's Chapel and lies in its precincts

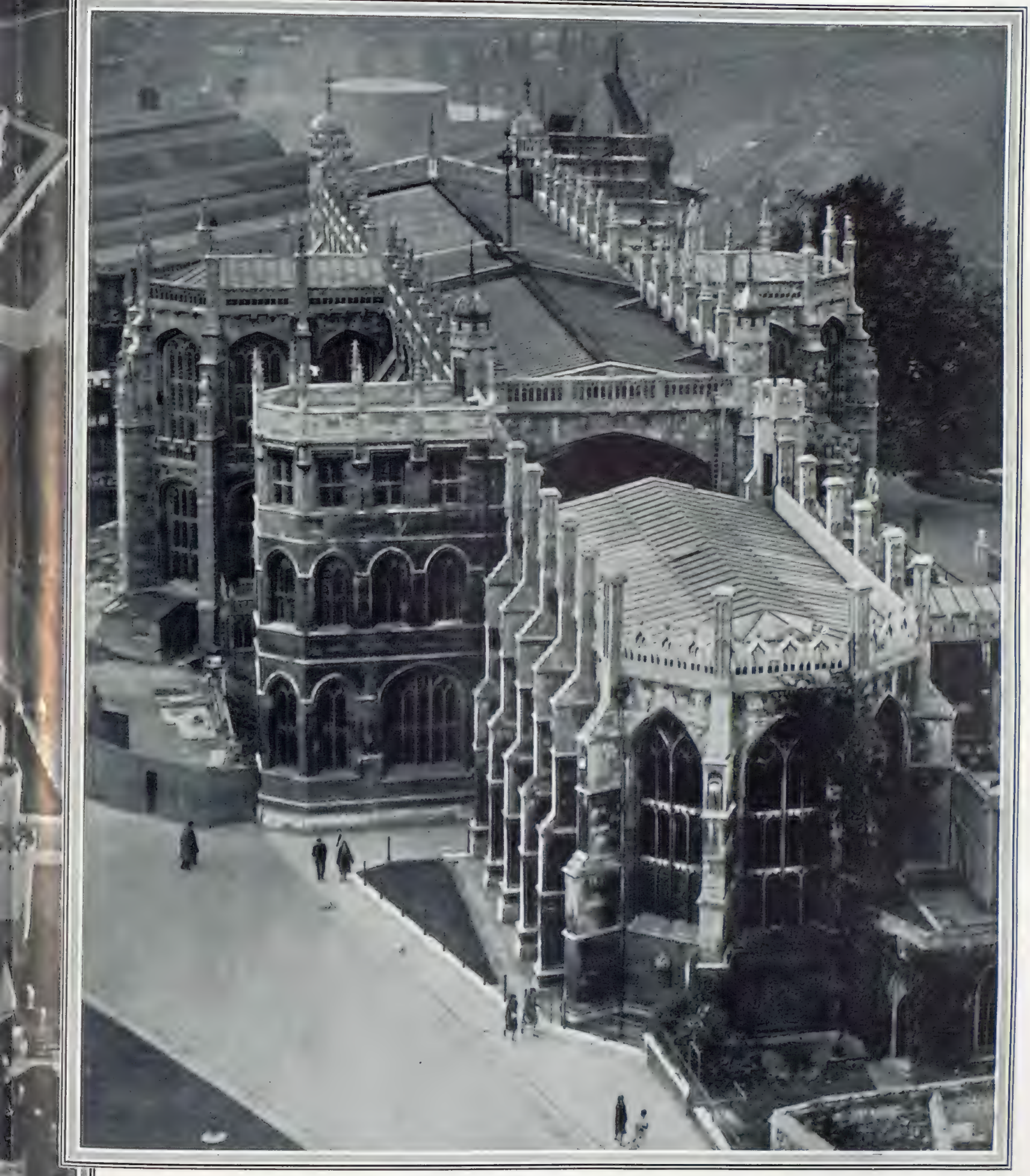
THE TOMB OF HENRY VI: The last Lancastrian, stigmatized as the weakest of England's Kings, yet has left many memorials, greatest of which is Eton College—a stone's throw from St. George's Chapel

THE CHAPEL OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER: A special key picture of Windsor Castle showing the position of St. George's Chapel in the middle of the C court. This picture was taken by "The Sphere" from the air a few days ago after the completion of the external work to the Chapel

St. George's Chapel is situated in the middle of the lower court of the Castle writes one of the ancient chroniclers. It was first erected by Edward III soon after the foundation of the college, in honour of his new Order of the Garter; but however noble the first design might be, Edward IV, not finding it entirely completed, enlarged the structure and designed the present building together with the houses of the dean and canons, situated on the north and west sides of the chapel. The work was afterwards carried on and finished by Henry Reginald Bray, Knight of the Garter, and the favo king, assisted in ornamenting the chapel and co roof. The architecture of the inside has always

The KING among his KNIGHTS of the GARTER

Special Bird's-eye Pictures of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, to be Re-opened in the Presence of the King on Tuesday Next



THE RESTORATION OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR: An unusual view of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, taken from the Round Tower, and showing the roof of the building, which has now been restored. The chapel will be reopened on November 4. Surmounting the pinnacles outside the chapel will be noticed the "King's Beasts." These are copies of the heraldic beasts which were removed on the advice of Wren. Time showed that they actually strengthened the pinnacles and helped to counter the roof thrust

admired for its neatness and beauty, particularly is the stone roof reckoned an excellent piece of workmanship. It is an ellipsis, supported by Gothic pillars, whose ribs and groins sustain the whole ceiling, every part of which has some different device well finished, particularly the arms of Edward the Confessor, Edward III, Henry VI, Edward IV, Henry VII and Henry VIII, also the arms of England and France quarterly, the cross of St. George, the rose, portcullis, lion rampant, unicorn, etc. The choir is especially worthy of notice, having been much admired by foreigners as well as natives. On each side are the stalls of the Sovereign and Knights Companions of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, with the helmet, mantling, crest, and sword of each Knight set up over his stall, on a canopy of ancient carving, curiously wrought, and over the canopy is affixed the banner of arms of each Knight properly blazoned on copper. The Sovereign's stall is on the right-hand of the entrance into the choir, and is covered with purple velvet and cloth of gold, and has a canopy and complete furniture of the same materials; his banner is likewise of velvet and his mantling of cloth of gold. The Prince's stall is on the left, and has no distinction from those of the rest of the Knights Companions; the whole Society, according to the statutes of the institution, being companions and colleagues, equal in honour and power.

The KING among his KNIGHTS of the GARTER

St. George's Chapel, Windsor, whose re-opening Celebrations will be held Next Week

by

AN OLD CHORISTER OF ST. GEORGE'S

(*Continued from page* 221)

WORK IN PROGRESS: One of the masons at work on the gargoyles. The reconstruction of the entire chapel has cost upwards of £200,000

A NOTABLE MEMORIAL: The recumbent statue to Sir George Manners, Lord Roos, hard by the tablet to King Henry VI. He married the niece of Edward IV

SUPPORTERS ON A TOMB: A trio of the beautifully carven *armigeri* at the base of the tomb, seen above, of Lord Roos an ancestor of the ducal house of Rutland

The new organ, the last word in modern construction, is a joy. It is unique, I believe, in the sense that its duplicate sets of manuals, one facing south and the other west, can be used simultaneously and independently by two organists. It is so accommodated in the old organ loft over the choir screen as no longer to block the view of the roof, and the result is that from either end of the building the eye can now take in, and revel in, all the beauty of the restored roof in all its length.

We shall miss our old lights, of course, for there was much romance in those tiny points of candle-light in each stall, vaguely revealing and relieving the darkness of the vaulted roof. Moreover, it was possible, if you were wary, for a small chorister, under the guise of adjusting the metal "snub," to get a deliciously satisfactory blob of warm grease on the fingers, and to let it pleasantly congeal into thrilling, fragile patterns.

In my day—Victorian days, and the old Queen loved her chapel and her singing boys and knew the sort of treat that boys then liked — we were still allowed, though rather grudgingly, to exact Spur Money from all those—foreign officers were the chief offenders—who unwittingly broke the rule against entering the precincts of St. George's with spurs on. Nowadays that good old custom has fallen into abeyance, though there is a wealth of precedent to support the case for the choir-boys. King Henry VIII paid up, like the good sportsman he was, at least three times in as many years, and entered in the Privy Purse expenses the item, "To the Coristars of the Colledge of Wyndesor in rewarde for the Kinges spurres, 6s. 8d." Henry VII redeemed his "spoures" in 1495 for 4s.

Flanking the altar at the east end of the choir we are promised the sight of the two magnificent twin candlesticks, each some 12 ft. high, which have been presented to St. George's by the King and Queen each in memory of their parents. They are exact replicas of the candlesticks that used to belong to the chapel, and which are now to be found in Beauvain Cathedral at Ghent. The guides there will tell you that all their four candlesticks came from St. Paul's, but we of St. George's know that two of them once belonged to us and disappeared during the Restoration period.

There are some gaps in the row of Garter banners over the choir stalls in the section assigned to foreign royalty, due doubtless to the changes which have followed the War; but we shall still be able to identify the respective insignia of the kings of Italy, Spain, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Belgium, of King Manoel, the Duke d'Aosta, and the Emperor of Japan, who with the six members of the Royal Family and twenty-three dukes, earls, and viscounts constitute, under the Sovereign and the Lady of the Order, that Most Noble Order of the Garter.

The work is complete, a long and strenuous task, and St. George's enters upon a new phase of its existence. We who, in days gone by and in our relative insignificance, have been privileged to be servants of St. George's will not, I think, now be slow to avail ourselves of the opportunity to become "Friends of St. George's" in response to the appeal recently issued by Dean Baillie, than whom no one has been more indefatigable in his efforts to give us back, safe and restored, "our" Chapel of St. George.

"HONI SOIT . . .": The achievements of the Knights of the Garter affixed to the choir stalls below the banners which are hung above

A TOMB OF MANY ROYALTIES: The memorial to Jane Seymour, Henry VIII, Charles I, and other members of the Royal House. St. George's Chapel should rank as a Royal Mausoleum with Westminster

Half-past two ; scarcely time for a full round now. "Let's do the first nine on the New." Then, in the locker room, as you change into dry kit—"What about a drink?" Something to confirm your belief you can take them on again, and beat 'em good and proper! Johnnie Walker, of course. Nothing else celebrates victory so well, or gets such fun out of defeat.

Fidelity

The top notes of the clarinet, the deepest notes of the double bass—K.B. gives perfect reproduction to every note of the scale. The K.B. Transportable does full justice to broadcast music ; the tone is clear and pure, the volume loud and easily controlled.

The K.B. Transportable is complete and ready for immediate radio reception. Price including Royalties, 39 guineas in oak, or 42 guineas in walnut or mahogany.

The illustrated Brochure of the full range of K.B. instruments will be sent on request. Demonstrations gladly arranged.

KOLSTER BRANDES, LTD.,
CRAY WORKS, SIDCUP, KENT.

Kolster Brandes

REGD. TRADE MARK

"THE NAME TO KNOW IN RADIO"

S. 2.11/30

From MOVIES *to* TALKIES

The Great Transition in America's Fourth Industry

By C. CLAYTON HUTTON

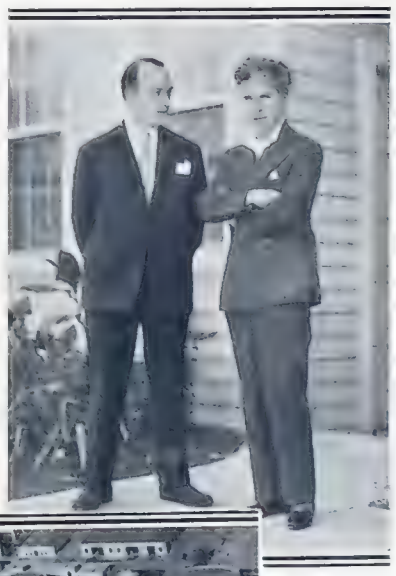
Two years ago, when the turnover from silent to sound took place, Hollywood was sent fairly mad. It simply poured money into equipment and the pictures, *but* at the end of two years there are nothing like the number of theatres equipped that the "talkie" prophets had led the production side of the industry to believe would be. Of course, out of these theatres that have been equipped greater rentals and revenue have been received than was ever dreamt of, but there is another point that must be remembered; out of the theatres equipped at least half of them are in opposition to each other and the picture only plays in a percentage *of*, and not in *all*, the theatres. Even on its first, second, and third runs it does not play in *all* halls, and therefore a picture is not sold to all the halls equipped at the moment. It will thus be seen that a big production at the moment is not saleable in America to seven thousand halls but is only saleable to a percentage of these halls, and from figures shown to me it is quite evident that while the profits are still very large on pictures they are nothing like what it was hoped they would be, and will not be so. This will, of course, be very loudly denied by all the big magnates in the film industry in America, but if this is untrue, which I know for an absolute fact is not the case, why is it that everybody is so scared of spending money in the studios in Hollywood to-day. By this I mean to show that there is "something" that has happened in the World's Motion Picture markets, including their own, which, if it has not hit them one hundred per cent. full force at the moment, has caused them to sit up and take notice with a real jolt.

Then part of this "something" of course is their own machine-made massed produced effort. While talking to one of the most important theatre executives in the United States (the president of a big string of houses), I asked what his chief difficulty was, and he told me that whilst he was affiliated to a big production company, he naturally had to buy pictures from all other companies, and his chief difficulty was the securing of "freak" pictures. This executive pointed out that one day he would get from one studio a picture called *Broadway Ways* and the following week his picture for the same theatre would be *The Ways of Broadway*. These two pictures would be from two different studios but would have practically an identical backstage story. As a result of this the public, after seeing the first one or two of this type of picture have simply become fed-up, and immediately on seeing that type of title advertised will not go to it.

Against this, however, there have been the outstanding talkies such as *The Desert Song*, *Gold Diggers on Broadway*, *Love Parade*, *All Quiet on the Western Front*, which have already been shown. Now, these pictures each being different and made with brains, have taken enormous money, and there is no question that pictures of this calibre will take even more money in the future than has been taken before. In regard to these outstanding pictures, if they are examined very carefully they will be found to have in nearly every case European minds behind them in their construction. Take the case of Lubitsch. He is the most outstanding director to-day in the United States. There is then the case of Joseph von Sternberg, who has just made *The Blue Angel* in Germany, and by those who have seen it in America it is claimed as a masterpiece. I do not mention Charles Chaplin at the moment as he is entirely in a class by himself and is reckoned as such in Hollywood. The trend, therefore, of the studios in America to-day is to make fewer pictures per programme in each studio, but there is also a really keen desire at the moment to make better pictures with greater entertainment value, and not to spend such large sums of money but to make these pictures derive their entertainment value by twists and turns and story value, by the employment of really intelligent brains which the talkies now demand owing to the employment of dialogue.

With the advent of the talking picture, everyone in Hollywood became obsessed with the idea of dialogue. In the early stages this seemed to be sufficient, but now directors are seeing that this is not sufficient, and that they must use the silent film interspersed with dialogue, because the two together are producing a better result than the employment of dialogue only. The following is another point which has become very evident since talking pictures were introduced. When silent pictures were being shown the American audiences would read the sub-titles on the screen, which were in the majority of instances written in good English, but those titles only percolated into the brains of the people watching the picture. That is to say, no occasion was ever necessary for members of the audience to speak the titles among themselves.

With the introduction of talkies a new situation has developed in that very many artists, in fact a growing number each day, are British, and their a method of speech, being of refined quality and perfectly spoken, is slowly but surely growing upon the American public. The masses as a whole had never heard English spoken as we speak it, but now they have heard it they like it. I will not say that at the moment they like it in preference to their own, although I personally formed the opinion that they do, and the reason for that opinion is because the *Fan Mail* in Hollywood in so many instances contains a reference to the way British artists speak, and how much their admirers like it. The position of artists in Hollywood to-day, or those endeavouring to enter the motion picture industry as artists, is one that is very precarious, even in the case of the old stars, who are losing their drawing power. New artists to-day are not put under long contracts as in days of old. These contracts were millstones around the producers' necks. The artists to-day are booked from picture to picture, except in a few exceptional cases like the case of Maurice Chevalier, who is the biggest drawing card in the world to-day. In the majority of instances, where silent artists were signed up two years ago for three, four, or five years ahead, these contracts have been allowed to stand, and an endeavour has been made to utilize these artists. Of about seventy-five per cent. good use has been made, both male and female, but in some cases the big artists are absolutely useless for talkies. I know of one instance where a real he-man artist, with a big drawing power, is the most awful flop in his first talkie, and it cannot be put out although it cost an enormous sum of money.



FOX-MOVIETONE CITY FROM THE AIR: Looking down upon the great group of buildings which form the largest motion picture plant in the world—and the most beautiful. The building on extreme left in the foreground is the administration building, beyond which lie the huge exterior sets. To the right in the foreground, near the Pico Gate, is the new Hall of Music. The tremendous structures toward the centre house the big sound stages, while the buildings near the gate on the far side are the new Café de Paris and the Laboratory of Engineering Research. The buildings behind the park, near the Pico Gate, contain dressing-rooms. *Inset* is a picture of the comic genius of the screen, Charles Chaplin, who has gone very grey, with the author of this article. His new picture, *City Lights*, which took two years to make, is now ready and bids to eclipse in humour all his previous productions

Two years ago everybody was of the opinion that to make sound pictures the entire studio must be fortified against extraneous noises and the most extraordinary precautions were then taken in building and carrying these precautions into effect. This is all done away with now, and the new studios that are being built are merely a 6 in. single wall of lattice, wire, and concrete. This is found to be, with the new recording system, which I examined, of ample sufficiency. In the past it has been the practice, as I have seen in England, and also in America, for a bay to be built into the studio wall high up where all the recording mysteries were housed. This is entirely done away with now, and a small tower is erected on pneumatic wheels exactly like a small English lighthouse with stairs down the one side. The top part is all glass windows and the bottom part contains the whole bag of mysteries—accumulators, batteries, and everything which is connected with recording.

The operator sits at a desk in perfect comfort, and all his instruments are underneath the glass top of his desk, and he can see every single thing that is going on in the set, and if he cannot, within one moment he can move himself about the floor of the studio exactly like an electric tram. This is very inexpensive and very efficient. The director in Hollywood to-day rehearses the dialogue day by day, and it is claimed that this is a much better system than the old system of learning all the parts before going on the set. When he has his artists word perfect, and his cameras are set, the entire proceeding from start to finish is then controlled by the recording man in the tower. In the majority of pictures that I saw at least four cameras were being used, all synchronized to the tower.

Much more stringent rules and regulations now exist, since the studios have become sound-proof, for outsiders trying to get in to see their various friends. You cannot get into the Fox Studios unless you have an officer of the Los Angeles police force accompanying you.

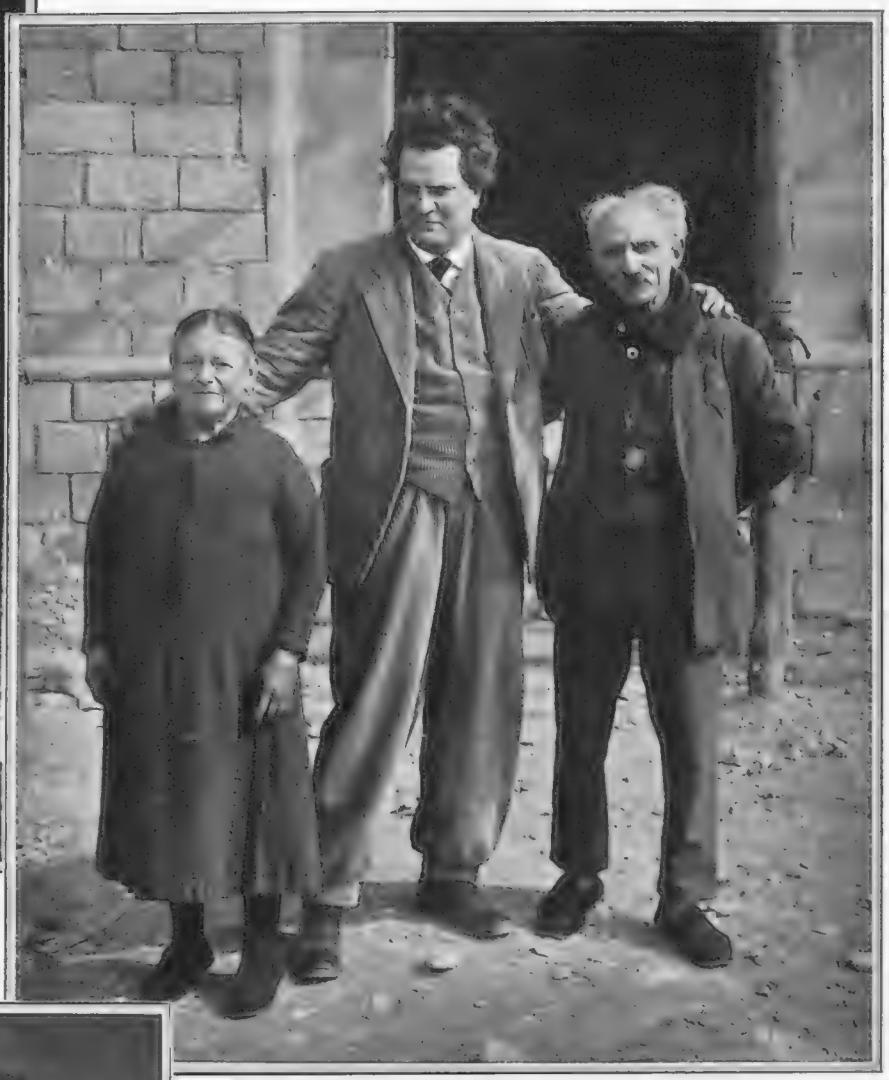
The wide screen and wide film are now perfect, but I was informed (by the Vice-President of one of the biggest electrical companies having this particular part in his care) that there is little chance of their appearance at the moment, for the following reason. The entire industry has been upset over-night by the advent of talkies, and the theatres are nothing like fully equipped yet with talking apparatus. Further, the opinion is that it would be ridiculous to put on the market at this juncture this new proposition, and thus upset the entire industry again so quickly. 70 mm. has been decided upon as the width. To those people who have been fortunate enough to see the wide film it of course becomes a complete revelation as to what the future will be in cinematics.

SPECTACLE: A thrilling incident in a Rin-tin-tin film in the rocky scenery of California

Many ARTS *in many* LANDS

Painting, Music, Sculpture, and the Theatre in England, France, and Austria

MOTORS FOR THE MILLIONS AND MILLIONS FROM THE MOTORS: The new portrait of Henry Ford, famed as one of the three richest men in the world, who has recently returned to America from Europe. The portrait is the brilliant work of Miss Margaret Lindsay Williams, R.C.A., and hangs in the Ford Regent Street premises



AT THE TOMB OF THE MASTER: Gustinus Ambrosi, the famous sculptor, who is characterized as the Rodin of our day, with Auguste Rodin, Junior, son of the greatest bearer of the name, and Mme Rodin, at the tomb and new museum at Meudon (near Paris), dedicate to the titanic creator of titanic statues

THE GREATEST SHOWMAN OF THEM ALL: Charles B. Cochran, whose production, "Ever Green," is stated to eclipse even the magnificence of his previous presentations. Mr. Cochran's colour-sense is, theatrically speaking, perhaps his strongest asset

AT THE SALZBURG FESTIVAL: Karl Hammes and Adele Kern in "Figaro's Hochzeit" at the Mozart Festival.

A GENIUS OF THE MUSICAL WORLD: Herr Franz Lehar, who leapt into fame with the production of "The Merry Widow," and has consolidated it with other melodious entertainments, culminating in "Frederica," now at the Palace, is seen above with members of his chorus in Vienna

ARTIST AS MODEL: Kees Van Dongen, whose sitters have included the most beautiful women in Paris, is himself in demand as a model, but for sculptors rather than painters. It may be that artists fear Van Dongen's criticism, or possibly that his head is more appealing in form than colour. The artist is here seen sitting for a wax bust to be exhibited as a mannequin in Paris

The ART of the MIGNONNE

Gems from the Loan Exhibition of Period Models at Dudley House, Park Lane

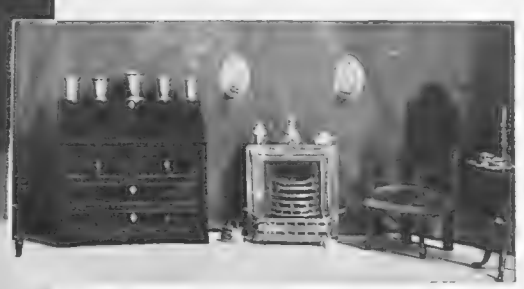
Lent by Lady Grantley

THE ART OF THE MINUSCULE: A trio of dolls. A remarkable collection has been lent to the Exhibition ranging in height from a few inches to over three feet

THE BEAUTY OF CHIPPENDALE: A tiny cabinet of the type carried by the furniture makers of Queen Anne's day

A "FULHAM" TEA SERVICE: A set of rare delicacy, so minute that the teapot is barely 2½ in. in height

OF THE DAYS OF QUEEN ANNE: Chandelier, mirror, table, and Sutherland table, and terrestrial globe. The tallest silver castor is but 2¾ in. high — as is the Dutch kettle (c. 1740)



A ROOM IN MINIATURE: A bureau, 9 in. high; a chair, 10½×4 in.; a brass fire-place, 4½ in. high, and ornaments in proportion — a delightful exhibition of the mignonne

WHEN ONE SLEPT FAR FROM THE GROUND: A model 36×15×22 in.

AN IMPERIAL COMPANION: This miniature table, which is 4½×2⅛×3⅜ in., belonged to the Emperor Napoleon and was taken by him on all his campaigns. He gave it as a toy to his son, the "Roi de Rome," but Prince Metternich had the four miniature eagles round the damier stamped out, so that the Duke de Reichstadt "could forget his father's birds." A letter was found behind the mirror and the glass was broken by Count Metternich, who took the table away and gave it to a Swedish officer, Colonel Dargeman-Manderstjerna Freiherr wor Lagerbjelke, whose granddaughter, Princess Eugenie Dragases Palcologue lends it to the Exhibition. Finger-prints can be seen on the table, and also the paper torn by Metternich

DOORS AND PANELS IN ENGRAVED GLASS: A William and Mary cabinet, 42×19 in.

A PEDLAR OF THE PERIOD: A fascinating little figurine bearing miniature reproductions of the models such as journeymen always carried. The little lady is only 11 in. in height

London will enjoy a novel exhibition from November 3 to November 15, for, by kind permission of the Hon. Sir John and Lady Ward, a Loan Exhibition of Period Models will be held at Dudley House, Park Lane, in aid of the Central Club and London Clubs of the Y.W.C.A., under the presidency of the Lady Ampthill. Furniture, instruments, silver, china glass, ships, and a galaxy of dolls' furniture will be shown. The Queen has graciously lent a case of miniature exhibits, which form the place of honour. Many of the *mignonne* show-pieces will be the models the journeying pedlars of the Chippendale period used to carry while canvassing for orders in the days of the eighteenth century.

SHOWS AND AUTRES CHOSES

BY HENRY SHEREK

As the autumn rush of first nights showed signs of slackening somewhat, I went to Paris to see what there was new theatrically in that city.

Although the famous night-life of *la ville lumière* has practically ceased to exist, I found there was a colossal boom in theatrical entertainments. This is probably explained by the fact that France appears to be the most prosperous country in the world to-day, and it is the natives who form the vast majority of the theatre-going public in Paris whereas the night-clubs are mainly patronized by foreigners, the influx of whom is always at a low ebb at this time of the year, and particularly so this year because of the shortage of money.

Incensed by the excellence of the Folies Bergère revue, the management of the Casino de Paris has put on a lavish show which is easily the best that has been produced at that theatre. Until recently the Paris revue producers had been content with mounting a spectacular show without any highly-paid artistes with the exception of one star. As at that time they were catering mainly for an American and English audience, the huge scenes and the almost complete absence of wearing apparel was deemed sufficient to fill their theatres. As the percentage of foreigners has decreased enormously the managers have been forced to engage expensive artistes to ensure success.

Some years ago Paris went mad over a coloured lady named Josephine Baker, who was appearing in an all-black show at the Empire, and she was elevated to stardom overnight. In this show she proved herself to be a fine comedienne, but when she was subsequently starred at the Folies Bergère she relied more upon the attraction of her figure, than upon her great gifts of comedy.

She then appeared at most of the big European capitals and in Vienna caused a riot. She has only appeared once in England, when she flew over specially from Paris to sing a few songs at a charity performance at the London Pavilion in aid of the coloured people.

Now Miss Baker is the main attraction at the Casino de Paris and is better than I have ever seen her; not only has her sense of comedy been improved by her having learnt the art of restraint, but she shows herself to be a dramatic actress of some ability and even threatens to become a French *diseuse*.

In one scene she plays, incongruously enough, the part of an Indian squaw with a young leopard as a pet. In this scene wonderful effects are introduced to portray a tropical storm in a forest.

The other really effective set is a beautiful presentation of the Blue Danube, in which a big hit is made by an American dancing act named the Stone-Vernon Four, which I remember having seen recently at the London Palladium.

As is usual in French revues the comedy sketches are weak and pointless, entirely lacking production.

There is an English chorus of both sexes, and the English songs they have to sing usually have little to do with the costumes they are wearing. I could not quite see why a collection of young men should be dressed in golfing attire and be armed with golf-clubs to sing a number called "Swance Shuffle," as golf is hardly the ideal game for the flat-footed.

In all, however, the revue is undoubtedly a big success, and should not be missed by visitors to Paris.

THE DOMINIC: Mr. Raymond Massey in the title-role of "Topaze," the Gallic importation which shows the moral degringolade *and the financial emergence of a schoolmaster who turns crook. It gives Mr. Massey a great opportunity to portray contrast, of which he fully avails himself*

Some months ago I saw a most original Viennese operette in Berlin called *Die Wunderbar*, in which the theatre is converted into a cabaret, the entire action of the play taking place on the dancing-floor.

As this show is shortly to be produced in London I was anxious to see how the Parisians would react to the novel idea, and therefore went to see the French adaptation at the Palace Theatre. I was, however, deeply disappointed as a good idea was ruined by bad production and worse casting.

The fine score was wasted, as none of the characters could sing the exceptionally good musical numbers. The show has a song in tango time which will become very popular over here, and which, I understand from Rowland Leigh, who is adapting the play, will be called *Tell Me I'm Forgiven*.

The plot is mainly the adventures of a gigolo who runs away with a married woman after stealing and selling her pearl necklace. They later return to the same cabaret to perform as a dancing act, and the woman sees her husband with the gigolo's ex-girl friend, who was previously a dancer but is now a walking advertisement for Cartier's. The husband magnanimously enough forgives his foolish lady, and the gigolo is left looking covetously at pearl necklaces which adorn the necks of other beautiful visitors to the cabaret.

The usual festivities of the night-club go on all the time this little drama is enacted and give an opportunity of presenting a cabaret entertainment. A lot depends on the ability of the actor playing the part of the proprietor, who also officiates as the Master of Ceremonies, to keep the action going. In Berlin an excellent comedian played this part, but his Parisian counterpart is not so effective.

At first glance it would seem excellent casting for Harry Pilcer to play the rôle of the *gigolo*, but the part requires an actor of ability, and Mr. Pilcer was not able to hold the interest of the public, especially as the lady playing the part of the silly wife could not be heard, and her efforts at dancing were ludicrous.

The lack of success of this operette in Paris shows how a good show can be ruined by bad adaptation and casting. It is not enough to translate a play, but the adapter should practically re-write the script to the taste of his public, which, I understand, is being done for the London production of *The Wonder Bar*.

Since I was last in Paris a new theatre has sprung up called the Ambassadeurs, which is built on the site of the well-known restaurant which bore the same name in the Avenue des Champs Elysées. It is controlled by C. F. Wyn, who is responsible for the presentation of most of the recent American and English successes in Paris such as *The Desert Song*, *The Trial of Mary Dugan*, and *Journey's End*. At present a straight play called *Mayerling* is being given, but the theatre will change its policy in December, when *Follow Thru'*, which had only a moderate success at the Dominion Theatre but was a big hit in New York, will be produced.

Marcel Pagnol, who is very disappointed over the unanimously bad notices received by his play, *Topaze*, in London, is compensated by the business being done by his new play, *Marius*, which is an unqualified success, whilst *Topaze* is still running.

A revival of Henri Bernstein's play, *Felix*, is doing very well, and the Grand Guignol is enjoying its usual good business with a particularly blood-curdling playlet called *Dix Légionnaires*.

Coming back to London, Sir John Martin Harvey is continuing his policy of presenting and appearing in old and tried successes at the Savoy Theatre, his latest production being yet another adaptation from the French, *The Lyons Mail*.

It is being given in the traditional manner with musical accompaniments, and is noteworthy if only for the fine acting of Sir John, who doubles the parts of a noted robber and a respectable merchant who, because of his resemblance to the brigand, nearly gets executed in his stead for as cool a murder as can be seen in Chicago. In fact, he was so successful in showing that they were different characters that I was at a loss to understand how one could have been taken for the other!

I tried hard to be thrilled by the robbery of the mail-coach, but it seemed a very puny affair after what we have seen both on the stage and in talking-pictures since this play was first produced in 1877. I was also disturbed by the fact that Sir John used a revolver, which weapon was invented long after the period at which the play is supposed to take place.

When the curtain fell on the first night Sir John paid a high tribute to the originator of the dual rôles he had just played, Sir Henry Irving, but I cannot imagine the part being acted better than he had played it himself.

The play was well mounted and the supporting cast very good. I liked particularly the clever rendering of the part of a likeable rogue by Edmund Gwenn.

Sir John is right to announce that *The Lyons Mail* is to have only a three-weeks' run, as the modern theatre-goer is not so easily thrilled or amused as were his grandparents.

MERRIMENT TRIUMPHANT: Messrs. Austin Melford and Leslie Henson, with Misses Marjorie Brooks, Vesta Sylva, and Connie Ediss in "It's a Boy," which is crowding the Strand Theatre

TRAGEDIES OF REAL LIFE DRAMATIZED

Rudolf of Habsburg and Dreyfus on the Continental Stage and Screen

MORGANATIC: Crown Prince Rudolf (M. Charles Boyer) and Countess Vetsera (Mlle Louise Lagrange)—the two leading characters in the drama. Historical rumour has endowed the Vetseras, mother and daughter, with a paramount influence over the ruling Habsburgs, and has hinted that Rudolf contracted a morganatic alliance with his inamorata

FATHER AND SON: The G.O.M. of Austria (M. Jean Perier) and the unhappy Crown Prince in the poignant scene at the Ambassadeurs where Rudolf informs his father he wishes to renounce the throne and live as a private person. One version of the Meyerling mystery, which Claude Ault has dramatized, suggested that both emperor and prince were in love with the Countess Vetsera

FOMENTATION OF DISCORD: Archduke Johann Salvator (afterwards Johann Orth) and his wife endeavour to induce Rudolf to raise the standard of rebellion. So many tales of the Habsburg tragedy have been suggested that it is difficult to choose the correct one. At the Ambassadeurs, however, the most dramatic is presented

THE DREYFUS CASE FILMED: Zola, Clemenceau, and Mlle Blanche Monnier

Two tragic mysteries of real life have been used as dramatic material on the Continent of late—the Meyerling affair, of which the truth is not yet fully and definitely known; and the Dreyfus case, which split the world into two factions, and about which there is no doubt. By a charming stroke of irony the former is presented in Paris, the latter in Berlin

THE ROMANTIC VILLAIN: Major Count Walsin Esterhazy of the French Army, who sold many secrets (at a fantastically low figure) to the Kriegam in Berlin. Esterhazy was beloved of Paris, while Dreyfus was hated

"J'ACCUSE!" Colonel Picquart, who succeeded Colonel Henry as the head of the Intelligence Department and was a believer in the innocence of Dreyfus, accuses his erstwhile chief (justly) with forging the documents on which the Jew was condemned to Devil's Island. The film versions of Maitre Labori, Emile Zola (with full beard), and the Tiger Clemenceau—all ardent Dreyfusards—are also seen above. The Dreyfus trial is, par excellence, the most vital and dramatic case in history. Not only in France, but in the whole world, families were divided on the issue of the Jew's treason

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE"
INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

Pictures by Peter North

For the WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

Below—On the extreme left is a blouse jumper of silk and wool with new vest front, price 25/-. In the centre is a belt of leather, and to the right a necklace in inlaid wood with a bracelet to match shown on the left. From Jaeger

This coat and skirt is carried out in a Jersey material. The pleats of the skirt are released from a V-shape yoke and the jumper is hand-knitted. Jaeger

Above is a well-cut tweed coat. It is adapted from a Chanel model and is made in a variety of shades. Price 6½ guineas from Jaeger

It is a rather curious and interesting contradiction of facts when one considers that to-day women are supposedly becoming masculinized in their outlook on life, yet they are paying more attention to their clothes than ever before, and the badly dressed woman is the exception and not the rule. Woman, speaking in general terms, must be chic, and again speaking in general terms, she must be able to attain that chic inexpensively, for to-day is the age of the slender purse.

It was with this idea in mind that Jaegers opened their new salons in Oxford Street, with the aim of providing smart and individual clothes at moderate prices. Two interesting examples are shown in the photographs above. The model on the left is wearing a two-piece costume of a deep green Jersey material, with hat to tone. A rich green hand-knitted jumper is worn with it. On the right is a practical tweed coat, made in a variety of colours. All Jaeger tweeds are designed by well-known designers such as Chanel, and are exclusive to them.

This house makes a speciality of well-cut, tailored winter coats, mostly fur-trimmed, at various moderate prices starting from about seven guineas.

In the third picture a blouse-jumper in silk and wool is shown, which can be obtained in many soft shades. It costs 25s. Especially attractive are jumpers made of Angora wool, designed to fit closely round the hips, in various colours and knitted in an open-work stitch. Delightful silk and wool suits consisting of jumper, cardigan and skirt cost only six guineas, whilst other three-piece suits are made of a knitted fabric, which is copied from a French tweed.

Jaegers are also now supplying chic dress accessories, such as original bracelets, necklaces and smart leather belts. A few examples are shown in the illustration above.

HEATING *the* HOME

Some Modern Methods for Providing Warmth, and the Latest Devices for Cooking

A new type of anthracite stove constructed to utilize the pea-size of anthracite, which is sold in London at 47s. 6d. per ton. From Smith and Wellstood, Ltd.

A modern gas-fire of attractive design with chromium-plated finish, and the hearth is in stainless steel

There are fashions in heating arrangements in the home just as in clothes, and it is much more essential to follow them if the last word in comfort is expected during the cold wintry days. Important changes take place from time to time: new things are discovered and tried out, which make all the difference.

The last word in heating stoves is the Cheer-ee-o stove, for coal, coke, or anthracite. It gives a cheerful open fire, dustless and smokeless, saving all labour—and at half the usual cost.

Methods of heating and cooking by electricity are given on this page. One illustration is particularly interesting, showing the tubular system of heating. The heat is generated in small tubes which are attached to the skirting and conveniently concealed beneath the furniture. Electric water-heating can also be installed in this manner.

Sometimes it is difficult to decide the most economical and efficient method of heating one's home, and it is wise to seek the advice of experts in these matters, who will give their knowledge and estimates free of charge. Anthracite stoves are popular. They save labour, give a regular heat, and keep alight without trouble.

Here is an electric-run kitchen showing on the left a practical cooker and, under the sink a water heater, for the moderate-sized home. Electrical Development Co.

This open-fire stove for coal, coke, anthracite, and smokeless fuel can be kept alight day and night at minimum cost. Interoven Stove Co., Ltd.

Electric heating by the tubular system was installed in this house by Drake and Gorham, Ltd. The tubes, attached to the skirting, are scarcely visible

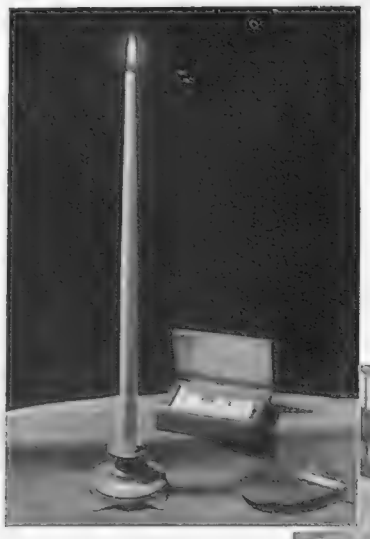
This small electric radiator is of a convenient size to carry from room to room, while the electric bed-heater is a useful accessory for the home. Hampton and Sons

The Chaudesse is one of the latest inventions. The small anthracite peas can be used, which give the same heat as an ordinary fire without the smoke, dust, and trouble.

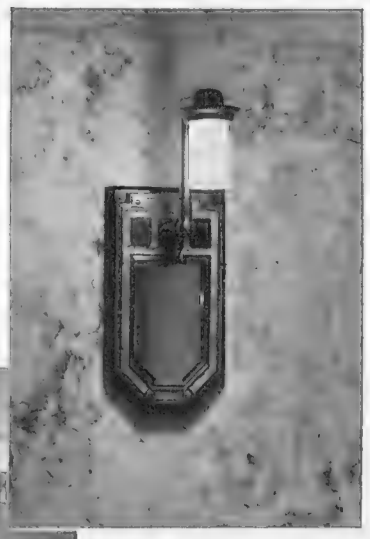
THE WORLD OF WOMEN — (Continued)

LIGHTING *of* TO-DAY

A Selection of Up-to-date Illumination in Electricity, Gas, and Candles



The popularity of candle-light never wanes. Nell Gwynn candles are sold by all the large stores



A combined gas light and shaving bracket is a practical and novel idea for the gas-run home

Knowing that lights can make or mar a room, it is the wise who choose with care. Examples of the newest forms of lighting are illustrated on this page. For instance, one picture demonstrates the possibilities of an electrically-lighted room both from the practical and decorative viewpoint. One of the chief features is the cornice lighting which runs right round the ceiling. Two alcoves on either side of the fireplace are lit from below so that light is reflected up onto the charming glass figures which stand on the shelf. These alcoves alone provide an important note in the decorative scheme of the room. Other illumination is supplied by smaller standard lamps placed in various parts of the room and the window has special pelmet lighting with coloured bulbs, so that the tone of the curtains can be altered at will. At the window itself an effect of continual sunlight is created by clever exterior lighting.

There was a time, and not so very long ago either, when one felt to live in a gas-illuminated home was, to say the least of it, second best. But now, all that is most decorative and charming in the lighting world has been adapted for the use of gas by well-known modern designers, and in consequence the cause of gas has gained many new advocates.

Another added attraction is that gas lighting can now be conveniently turned on and off by means of a small switch, similar to the familiar electrical device.

Yet with all the newest lighting designs and fitments at our command, there are times when we prefer the soft and mellow candle-light. Candles give inspiration for picturesque decoration, both for lighting rooms and particularly for dining-tables. Some are dignified and stately in shape, some are of Jacobean style, others decorated with a floral pattern, and to-day they can be obtained in every conceivable shade, so that they may harmonize with the existing decorative scheme of the room. Candles, too, introduce a charming colour-note in the bedroom—either for the dressing-table or mantel shelf.

This room, shown by the General Electric Co., Ltd., demonstrates the charm of modern lighting

Here a dark corner is cleverly brightened by reflected lighting and a wall light. Electrical Development Co.

A well-lighted bedroom planned by the General Electric Co., Ltd., Panel lighting around the alcove provides excellent illumination

An attractive decorative scheme may be provided by Price's á lustral candle, which are made in many colours and designs

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

SCULPTURE IN WOOD

"Retro-Satana," a statuette group exhibited at the Royal Academy, by Harold Youngman, A.R.B.S.

There is a great deal of interest shown these days in wood sculpture, especially in figures in the round, and small statuettes, and even large statues, in wood are seen in many homes.

Wood seems particularly suited to the subject of the grotesque, plant forms, and foliage, but the illustrations prove it can be used for very beautiful subjects too.

The study of wood covers a wide field, and its application to sculpture dates back to Egyptian times. Many masterpieces in wood still exist, for the best woods mellow with age. Wood is more amenable than stone, but before a big work is carried out the artist chooses his material most carefully, knowing its proclivity for warping, twisting, and its length of life. His finished work, then, is lasting.

Perhaps the finest and greatest number of ancient pieces of wood sculpture are to be found in the Cairo Museum, among them the famous figure of the Sheik el Beled, which was found in a tomb of the fifth dynasty at Saqqarah. The feet of this wooden figure have been restored, and the eyes consist of pieces of opaque white quartz with pupils formed of rock crystal, in the centre of which is a polished metal knob which serves to fasten them in.

The deeper one delves down into the history of sculpture the more interesting it becomes. Some of the modern work reminds one very forcibly of great masterpieces of a bygone age though different in feeling. It is said of the "Madonna and Child," by Jacopo della Quercia, in the Louvre, that his work is "distinguished by its singleness of purpose, straightforward simplicity, and elegant refinement without a trace of artificiality." The same thing might be said of contemporary artists whose works excel in the same way.

"Ishmael," a figure in oak, by Harold Youngman, A.R.B.S.

"Thrillers" by Abdulla

OVER LIFE'S EDGE

How rash of Helen to take the air
In such a sinister old bathchair!
The wind grew chill and the hour late—
Roberto plotted her ghastly fate;

Her loved Abdullas he'd snatch with glee,
And fling the girl to the angry sea,
But Octavius heard her despairing cries—
In every "Thriller" the Villain dies!

A noble figure against the sky,
The Hero stood with a steely eye,
While over the Cliff's unpleasant verge
Roberto flopped in the boiling surge!

F. R. HOLMES.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

£200 PRIZE FOR SPECIAL BRIDGE PROBLEM BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER
OPEN TO ABDULLA SMOKERS.
Full particulars available from your tobacconist or on application to:—Department A, Abdulla & Co., Ltd., 173, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

The SPHERE of TRAVEL

THE LURE of SOUTH AFRICA

An Enchanting and Sun-kissed Land for a Long Holiday

Left your umbrellas behind? Well, never mind! You won't need them where we are going.

Immediately before us (for you simply must come with me on this trip) is the prospect of a care-free, happy, healthy, invigorating voyage. The large, comfortable liner slowly leaves her berth and slips down the English Channel heading for the open sea. Charmed days follow — deck sports, revelry by night, genial camaraderie, spiced with the thrill of pleasant and unexpected adventures all the time—until finally, while still the first rays of the sun flush the mountain-rimmed coastline with pale gold and purple, we glide into Table Bay and anchor in the shadow of Table Mountain, Cape Town, our port for disembarkation! . . . As we peer down at the shouting dock-hands and the eagerly-waving crowds on the wharf a thrill of expectancy surges through us all, for from here, we know, radiate those many routes along the coast and into the hinterland where a wealth of sight-seeing and wonderment awaits our impatient attention. Our real tour begins now.

HORNED AND FEATHERED: The native rickshaw boy of South Africa is as gaily bedizened as any brave. He believes, apparently, that a good make-up—which extends even to his legs—is good for trade

First of all, Cape Town itself and its environs. Did you feel an immense craving to scale the heights of Table Mountain as we stood admiringly surveying it from the ship? Well then, we are going up it—yes, right up to the flat expanse of the summit—by means of the aerial railway—an exhilarating, rather rapid, but easy ascent. You can exclaim as much as you like at the unfolding panorama of green and blue sea, creamy, breaking surf along the glittering sands of inviting beaches, gleaming white houses afar off, tree-covered gorges and rocky fissures breaking away all round you; and the view from where we are now standing on this mountain plateau presents nothing so much as that of a huge, sea-girt, fascinating garden. But we must descend now to indulge in surf-riding at Muizenberg and frolic round the pleasure resorts of Sea Point, Camp's Bay, and other beaches, or visit the House of Assembly, the University with the famous Rhodes statue near by, the Botanical Gardens at Kirstenbosch, or drive out to Groote Schuur, once the beautifully-situated home of Cecil Rhodes and bequeathed since as the permanent residence of South Africa's Premiers.

Now we are on the *Union Express* obtaining first-hand experience of the comfort and facilities for travelling long distances attentively arranged by the South African Railway's administration. Soon we are racing northward across the Cape Flats with their vineyards and straggling, brightly-hued farms and white, quaint, flat-roofed, old Dutch homesteads; through the passes of the Hex River Mountains, where the snow-capped heights loom loftily above the early morning mist; over the dry, lonely, hill-studded waste of the Karroo—always under blue skies—and so right "into the heart of sunshine."

Johannesburg! Personally I dislike intensely the unsightly, dusty, blinding mine-dumps heaped around this busy centre of the Rand (which is, incidentally, the largest gold-mining centre in the world). But it is a most fascinating and romantic city and the metropolis of South Africa. We are lucky. The management of the Crown Mines is going to stage a native war dance for us and we shall see for ourselves how the Charleston and Black Bottom originated. After that we are going for a motor-drive round the city, ever a pleasing prospect in Johannesburg.

Pretoria, the dreamy administrative capital of the Union, dominated by the great architecturally-beautiful Union Buildings, where Government officials are kept busy attending to the welfare of the country's interests. The visit (by motor) to the Premier Diamond Mine recalls the discovery here by Sir Thomas Cullinan of the largest diamond in the world which now graces the Royal Crown of Great Britain.

You can hurry down to Parys for a day if you like, for this health and pleasure resort, situated in the most alluring part of the Vaal River, is well worth a visit. But our next stopping-place is Kimberley. The surrounding country is flat and dull, I admit, but that cannot be said of Kimberley. Here is the world-renowned diamond-mining centre; and as we walk the narrow, uncertainly leading streets, we realize acutely that, despite modernized and spacious buildings, trams, and other concomitants of progress, the atmosphere is, nevertheless, still vaguely reminiscent of other days—the days of mining camps, excited diggers, gambling dens, fortunes amassed overnight, and the haunts of international crooks. And your mouth, even under the influence of the most speculative astonishment, cannot gape as widely as "the biggest hole in the world"—an old, disused Kimberley mine.

A RELIC OF THE DUTCH CIVILIZATION: The old homestead "Rheezight," which nestles at the foot of Table Mountain. It is 225 years old and is still in a fine state of preservation. The old slave bell is still extant

From Kimberley we travel northward again to Rhodesia. You will quickly forget what discomfort was endured because of the white dust from the Kalahari Desert, and the two long days of travelling, for our next objective is the Victoria Falls—one of the grandest sights in the world. I use the term "grandest" advisedly, for there are no other falls anywhere to compare quite with this giant of the Zambesi for grandeur and vivid appeal. There is an amusing, but intensely descriptive, story told of the American tourist, who, after visiting the Victoria Falls, cabled home to his brother in Buffalo, "Scrap Niagara! It's a trickle of sweat." The *ne plus ultra* of appreciative comment.

You may care just to peep at Mafeking (there is only a half-hour available), for it was here that the idea of the world-wide Boy Scouts organization was born in the mind of Baden-Powell. Thence onward — viâ Johannesburg again—to Durban, the great port of the East Coast traffic. I always like to think of Durban as a holiday resort, it is so clean, pretty, and refreshing, and the blue lagoons, shaded rivers, and sugar and pineapple plantations of the South Coast always fill my eye with their unending variety and peacefulness.

From Durban we go northward through "the valley of a thousand hills," where sunsets are truly gorgeous, to Ladysmith. Our next trip is into the National Park in the Drakensberg Range and up to the Mont Aux Sources, where the blue mountains proudly rear their castellated outline against a bluer sky and the green valleys cut deeply into their sides.

Bloemfontein (next) is the capital of the Orange Free State and the centre of an important agricultural community. It is also the seat of the Supreme Court of Justice, so legal practitioners are kept busy too here. From Bloemfontein our way lies through the Karroo again until we come to the fertile, aloe-decked mountain region of the Eastern Province, and so down to the sea again at Port Elizabeth, which the 1820 settlers (who landed there) knew as Algoa Bay.

Port Elizabeth is a busy port and hive of industry, but it will be chiefly memorable to you as the starting-point of the last and most attractive lap of our wanderings, for from here we take what is aptly termed the "Garden Route" back to Cape Town. From the windows of the train we glimpse at every turn sleepy villages and sparkling rivers, and forest-clothed mountains climbing down to the sea where the fjord-like openings round Knysna break back and twist into the land—all scenes of a surpassing loveliness.

The country round here is known as the wilderness. It is—a wilderness of beauty! with scenic splendour and colourful variety everywhere. And at Oudtshoorn, where we pause once more, your interest will be divided between the ostrich farms (memories of Edwardian feathers and fans) and the stalactitic brilliance of the Cango Caves. The latter must be investigated closely to be appreciated.

THE CABLE-WAY OF TABLE MOUNTAIN: The new aerial cable-way affords its patrons a wonderful bird's-eye view of Cape Town and Table Bay

It is not enough, therefore, that I should take you over South Africa *on paper*. You must go "into the heart of sunshine" yourselves, and seek the healthy climate, different entertainment and exquisite scenic effects that South Africa and its unfailing ally, Nature, can offer you. You must experience for yourselves "the call of the veld." Business men in need of relaxation and others who are able to spend three or four months on a vacational tour can do much worse than solicit the aid and advice of the Publicity and Travel Bureau, South Africa House, 73, Strand, London, W.C. 2. There they will find, as indeed with all the officials who will be responsible for their welfare and comfort at every stage of the trip, an efficiency, courtesy, and attention to even the most minor details which remove at once all the petty vexations usually accompanying travel to distant countries over a long period. And lastly — but by no means the least important factor — South Africa can be seen and enjoyed at a cost conservatively estimated at between £200-250. Of course that is not travelling *de luxe*, but it permits of the comfort and amenities you require all the way.

G. ROSIN.

FOLLOW THE SUMMER SOUTHWARDS

"BLUE AND GOLD TOURS"

Follow Summer Southwards this Winter on a Blue and Gold Tour to South Africa, the Dominion of Blue Skies, Golden Sunshine and Health.

The refreshing ocean voyage, new scenes and interests, the delightful outdoor life, the social and sporting amenities, and, above all, the moderate travel costs, combine to make these tours the superb Winter Holiday. Regular sailings throughout December, 1930, and January, 1931.

A full descriptive programme entitled "Blue and Gold Tours," will be sent immediately on request. Apply to The Director, South African Government Travel Bureau, 73, Strand, London, W.C. 2, and All the Leading Tourist and Travel Agencies.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

The LURE of AFRICA

Pleasure Cruises across Sunny Seas to a Land of Sunshine and Delight

By CLIVE HOLLAND

Winter cruising in luxurious liners and huge cruising "yachts" is a comparative recent development of the holiday habit, and of late years no autumn and winter holiday ground has attained greater favour than that of South Africa, and no cruises have become more popular than those of the Union Castle Line.

The popularity of the South African cruise is chiefly owing to the following facts. The fine services to the Cape, the luxury of the boats employed, and the wonderful climate and beautiful scenery of South Africa, coupled with unrivalled opportunities for all kinds of sports and pastimes. Those who are not notably good sailors are finding that the voyage to South Africa is, at almost all periods of the year, what may be called a fair-weather one.

As soon as the "chops of the Channel" have been left behind one is transported in a few hours to sunshine seas, and beautiful Madeira itself is reached in about three-and-a-half days. One does not easily forget the first sight of Funchal as the vessel enters the lovely bay and anchors for a sufficient time to allow passengers to land and see something of the charming island.

No side of life on a cruising liner has been more carefully developed than the social, which provides sports and amusements of all kinds, and Madeira has not generally sunk below the horizon before the Committee of Sports and Entertainments, largely composed of passengers, is formed, and a full schedule of events for the voyage has been arranged. Not only are there on these modern liners frequent dances and concerts, but all sorts of sports and games, including deck quoits, gymkhanas, "kumback" tennis, and other amusements are organized.

After a voyage of from sixteen to seventeen days across sunny seas, and generally in brilliant sunshine, early one morning Table Mountain comes into view on the horizon, causing all those who have never seen it before to be thrilled with the excitement of seeing this wonderful and world-famed object creeping up out of the sea. An hour or so later and the liner is at anchor, with Cape Town spread out, shining and sunlit at the foot of Table Mountain

WOODY GORGES LEADING TO THE SEA: Typical scenery of Cape Province on the Kamatu River

ON THE SHORES OF THE INDIAN OCEAN: A charming holiday house at the Wilderness, Cape Province

WHERE EUROPE AND AFRICA COMMINGLE: Lorenço Marques, an all-the-year-round resort on the East African coast

We think that Cape Town has never quite had justice done it. Until one has seen it, we admit, it is difficult to grow enthusiastic over it, for one reason there is still at the back of most untravelled people's minds the idea that Dominion and Colonial cities are, in a word, somewhat second-rate and elementary in their stage of development.

Cape Town, however, soon dispossesses one's mind of any such error. It is one of the most remarkable cities in the world, with beautiful suburbs lying outside the city proper and stretching from Cape Town to Camps Bay, and thence one goes on to reach the shores of False Bay and the silvery sands of Muizenberg, where bathing of the most luxurious and wonderful character can be indulged in.

It is at Muizenberg that one of the most beautiful spots of the magnificent coastline, running beneath the shade of the rugged mountains, is to be found.

Cape Town with its beautiful gardens, delightful streets, and tropical foliage is indeed a delight. And few gardens excel in beauty and charm those of the wonderful Mount Nelson Hotel, which lie under the shade of Table Mountain.

Modern as is Cape Town, there are yet remaining ancient buildings of historic interest—a blending of the old and the new—the great modern City Hall fronting the historic parade, forming a striking contrast to the old Stadthuis, or City Hall, situated in Greenmarket Square.

Motorists are not forgotten, for there is a fine high level road running through Rowland Street onward, which takes the motorist at an altitude high above the city out to the National Botanic Society's Gardens at Kirstenbosch, situated in a depression surrounded by mountains.

All kinds of sport may be followed at Cape Town and in the neighbourhood. There are two exceptionally fine race-courses, that of the South African Turf Club at Kenilworth, and of the Milnerton Turf Club at Ascot. Golfers will find the Cape Peninsula a paradise, for there are fine courses at Rapenberg and Green Point Common, another at Rondebosch, and yet another, of a fine sporting character, at Hout Bay, with a very charming nine-hole course, familiarly named Clovelly, between Kalk Bay and Fish Hoek. Of course, there is plenty of tennis to be had, boating, fishing, and shooting, so that those making a stay at Cape Town have no cause to fear boredom.

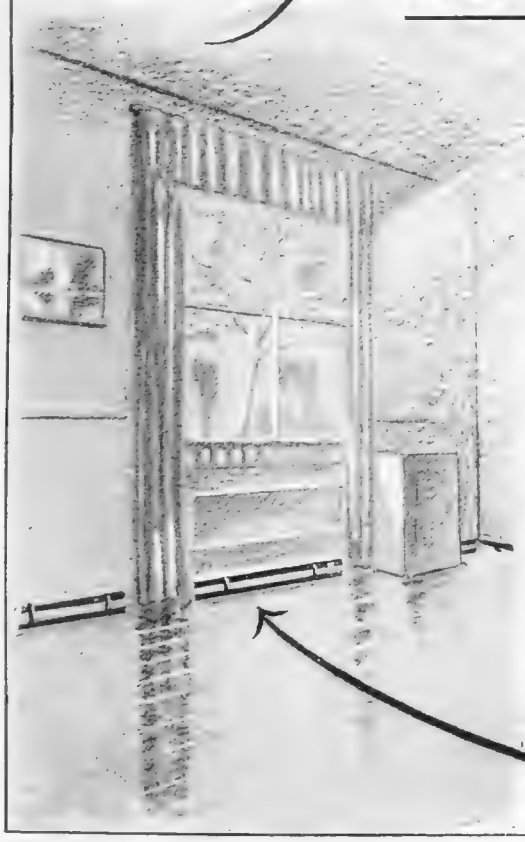
There are many good hotels, and also delightful small houses or bungalows to be rented by visitors who desire a lengthy stay at such places as St. James, Kalk Bay, or Muizenberg.

Bathing is wonderful, and one of the great delights of South Africa, and at Muizenberg, Kalk Bay, False Bay, and at Camps Bay where the white-capped breakers dash themselves against the rocks there is surf-bathing

(*Continued on page 240*)

TUBULAR HEATING SYSTEM

By DRAKE & GORHAM LTD.,



EXAMPLES OF ELECTRIC HEATING BY THE TUBULAR SYSTEM IN A PRIVATE HOUSE.

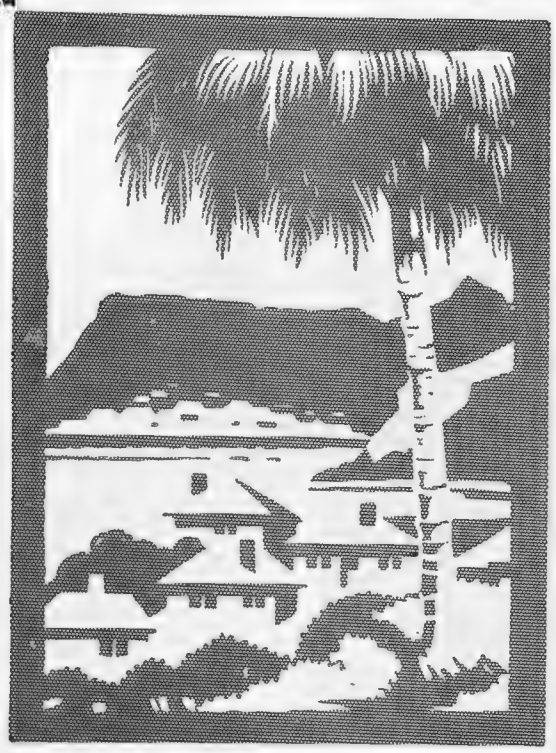
Send for Catalogue No. H 300 describing other systems.

HEATING BY ELECTRICITY IS SUPERSEDING ALL OTHER METHODS.

36 GROSVENOR GDNS LONDON. S.W.1.

ALSO- MANCHESTER, GLASGOW, EXETER & WINCHESTER.

FOLLOW THE SUN



CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR TOURS to SOUTH AFRICA

by MAIL VESSELS from SOUTHAMPTON
DECEMBER 5 & 19, 1930—JANUARY 2 & 30, 1931
REDUCED RETURN FARES to Capetown
£90 1st class. £60 2nd class. £30 3rd class.
Fares to other South African Ports on application.

WEEKLY ROYAL MAIL SERVICE

Write for illustrated folder to:—
The HEAD OFFICE: 3, FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.3.
WEST END AGENCY: 125, PALL MALL, S.W.1.
Branch Offices at Southampton, Birmingham, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow.

UNION-CASTLE LINE

"TRANSAT"
The *Open Sesame*
to
ALGERIA, TUNISIA, MOROCCO, The SAHARA

To have visited North Africa without having seen the great oases of the Southern Sahara, is to have not seen the country at all.

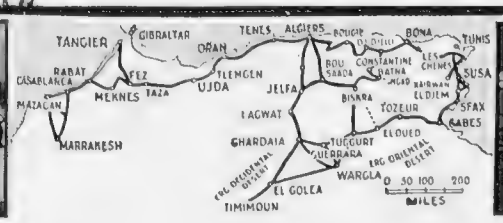
Intense sunshine—Cloudless skies, Oceans of golden sand. Flower-decked oases. "Arabian Nights" cities of Central Sahara, Imperial cities of Morocco, Palaces and Fountains, Mosques and Minarets, an unfolding panorama of bewildering sights —more Eastern than the East.

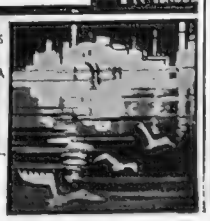
NORTH AFRICAN MOTOR TOURS

Whether you wish to arrange an independent private tour, or a grand luxe tour of your own devising, to use your own car, to take seats in the fixed itinerary coaches, to make a combined Rail and Car Tour, to make a desert crossing — the "Transat" has irreproachable arrangements — and its famous 44 "Transatlantique" hotels that have made all this possible.

Write for booklet "The Magic of Islam."

Compagnie Générale
TRANSATLANTIQUE Ltd.
FRENCH LINE,
70, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1





GERMAN AFRICAN LINES

WOERMANN-LINIE · DEUTSCHE OST-AFRIKA-LINIE
HAMBURG-AMERIKA LINIE (AFRIKA-DIENST)
HAMBURG-BREMER AFRIKA-LINIE

MAIL AND PASSENGER SERVICE
via SOUTHAMPTON to
WEST AFRICA, ANGOLA, SOUTH WEST, SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA

WINTER EXCURSION TO SOUTH AFRICA
by S.S. "WANGONI" 13th December from SOUTHAMPTON or
by S.S. "WATUSSI" 3rd January from SOUTHAMPTON

RETURN FARES: CAPETOWN.. 1st Class £ 90.—.— 2nd Class £ 60.—.—
DURBAN .. .. .. 1st Class £ 100.—.— 2nd Class £ 67.—.—

VOYAGES AROUND AFRICA

HOLIDAY TOURS
to and from the **MEDITERRANEAN:** Ceuta (Tetuan), Malaga (Granada), Palma de Mallorca, Marseilles, Genoa

AGENTS in LONDON for PASSAGES to all ports of call:
WM. H. MULLER & CO. (LONDON), LTD., GREENER HOUSE, 66-68, HAYMARKET, S.W.1

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

The LURE of AFRICA

By CLIVE HOLLAND

(*Continued from p. 238*)

of the most enchanting character, and the sea of that wonderful blue that one associates in one's mind with the waters of the South Pacific. In a word, there is summer all the time at Cape Town.

What a wonderful road is that which in its ninety miles of excellent surface girdles the Cape. Along this road one has the most varied scenery with marvellous views and ever-changing landscape.

Port Elizabeth is a delightful town on the shores of Algoa Bay, with fine buildings, its marvellous Humewood bathing beach, and a brightness which makes it one of the most popular seaside resorts in South Africa. Built on the sides of a hill it rises above the shore of the Donkin Reserve and Lighthouse, and on the tableland at the back of the town handsome hotels and private houses extend for a considerable distance.

East London has become a favourite resort with those for whom extremes of temperature are found to be very trying, for it possesses an equable climate, and for sufferers from bronchial troubles, the pure humid air, combined with the bracing atmosphere of the seashore, is found to be most beneficial. It is also a health resort for those suffering from insomnia and various forms of heart trouble. Its seashore is one of the charms of East London from the variety of its scenery. There is boating to be had on both the Buffalo and Nahoon Rivers and the bathing at Orient Beach is excellent. Fishing and facilities for motoring are also good. Surf-riding is one of the most popular amusements, and visitors soon fall beneath its spell.

One must not forget Durban, which has such a familiarly British appearance in its public buildings and general lay-out as well as being a British-speaking city.

Durban Esplanade is a wonderful street skirting the harbour and tree-planted. And Durban as a fresh holiday and health resort is not excelled by any in South Africa.

The rickshaw boy in picturesque costume with a wonderful head-dress with horns attached is one of the features of Durban life, and rickshaws are one of the chief means of transport in the town itself and on the lower levels.

Tours can be taken from Durban to some of the wonderful places of the Union, for example, Drakensberg, Natal, Zimbadwei Ruins, Victoria Falls, Rhodesia, the beautiful river and mountain scenery of the Divars River district and the Howick Falls, Natal, to mention only a few.

A most interesting extension of a South African tour can be made to East Africa, which has, indeed, for most people a spice of adventure about it. On the eastern shore stands Lorenço Marques, a most fascinating place. It has a very distinctive "atmosphere"; and there Africa and Europe seem to mingle in a manner which will surprise visitors who do not realize that in spite of the African setting in such a place European ideas and fashions may sometimes be found to predominate. Indeed, it is difficult in Lorenço Marques to realize that one is in Africa at all, except for its vegetation and the fact that one meets with so many coloured people.

One can reach Lorenço Marques nowadays quite easily by sea or rail, and these facilities have added enormously to its popularity.

From Lorenço Marques excursions can be made to other ports of the East African coast of almost equal interest. Inhambane, Beira, Mozambique, and Port Amelia, even going up as far as Oriental Dares-Salaam, giving the traveller a very good idea of East African life and its intriguing characteristics.

A fine motor-ship has recently been added to the magnificent fleet of the Union Castle Line, for a week ago the twin-screw *Winchester Castle*, of over 20,000 tons and 630 ft. in length set sail on her maiden voyage. Designed on modern lines, with two dwarf funnels and a cruiser stern, she has accommodation for 756 first, second, and third class passengers, and has been designed with every consideration for modern comfort. She constitutes, indeed, one more of the "floating hotels" which now distinguish the services of our leading steamship lines. The fine promenade deck with its luxury cabins affords ample opportunities for sports, exercise, and comfortable lounging.

The fittings of the ship are in excellent and pleasing taste, and the principal rooms have a character quite their own.

A more luxurious steamer it would be difficult to imagine, and most travellers will, we think, agree that the *Winchester Castle* is the last word in motor-driven mail-boat construction.

THE HEIGHT OF LUXURY: An angle of the first-class lounge on the Union Castle liner, *Winchester Castle*, which runs to South Africa

"THE SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, resorts, etc., by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free, but 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to:

"THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau,
Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C. 2

Twice round the Clock for 6d

BURNING continuously Day and Night at a cost of 6d. only, the cosy glow of the CHEER-EE-O greets you in the morning, and there are no fires to lay. It burns any kind of fuel with very little attention, maintaining an even temperature with perfect ventilation. All the advantages of Open or Closed Stoves are combined in the CHEER-EE-O but without the dirt and trouble of the former or the cheerless appearance of the other.

Beautifully finished and lasts a lifetime, while the cost of fixing is negligible.

THE

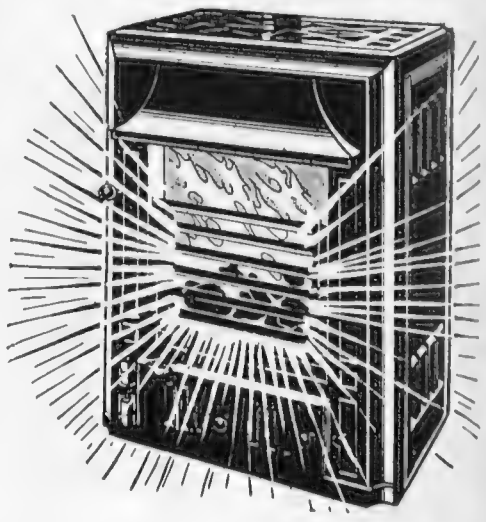
Cheer-ee-O

The "LAST WORD" in HEATING STOVES

PRICES *from* **£6 : 6 : 0** *Carr. Paid.*

This Stove will heat any room up to 3,000 cubic feet capacity.

Can be supplied in Coloured Enamels.



Free Coloured Folder and full particulars sent on application:

The INTEROVEN STOVE Co., Ltd. (Dept. 75a), 156, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2

For more than a hundred years

HAMPTONS' HOME FURNISHINGS

have secured to every purchaser value that has never been surpassed.

For many other illustrations of the best values yet produced in Bedroom Furniture see Hamptons' Catalogue B.207, sent free.

Hamptons' No. B.1824.—Reproduction Oak Bedstead finished as antique. Fitted sanitary side and end rails. *All sizes in stock.*

3 ft. 0 in.	...	...	£3 19 6
3 ft. 6 in.	...	...	£4 5 0
4 ft. 0 in.	...	...	£4 7 6
4 ft. 6 in.	...	...	£4 10 6

Hamptons' No. B.5439.—Reproduction Oak Bedroom Suite, consisting of 4 ft. 0 in. hanging Wardrobe, with large mirror inside door; 3 ft. 6 in. Dressing Table and 2 ft. 6 in. Cupboard Stand. *An inexpensive but extremely well designed Suite.* **Complete for £29 17 6**

SEPARATE PRICES:

Wardrobe £16 7 6 Dressing Table £9 0 0 Cupboard Stand £4 15 0

SEE HAMPTONS' NEW AUTUMN BOOK C.205, for illustrations, in colour, of the latest productions and best values in tasteful FURNITURE, CARPETS, CURTAINS and other HOME FURNISHINGS.

Works and all Factories:
QUEEN'S ROAD,
BATTERSEA, S.W.8

Telegraphic Address:
"HAMITIC, LONDON."

HAMPTONS
Decorators · Furnishers

PALL MALL EAST,
LONDON, S.W.1
'Phone: GERRARD 0030

Hamptons pay carriage to any Railway Station in Great Britain

PLAYER'S No. 3

EXTRA QUALITY

Virginia Cigarettes

10 for 8d
20 for 1/4
50 for 3/3
100 for 6/4

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

THINGS AERIAL

The Latest News from the Aerial World

By C. G. GREY

(Editor of *The Aeroplane*)

These recent flights to Australia only show what we shall do with aeroplanes when things are properly organized. Wing-Commander Kingsford-Smith's fine flight of nearly 1,000 miles a day all alone, and Flight-Lieutenant Hill's almost equally fine effort are, of course, exceptional to-day. But a few years hence, when landing-grounds at reasonable intervals are organized along all the main air routes of the world, and when aeroplanes are only a little more improved on what they are at present there ought to be nothing very difficult about any reasonably good pilot on a reasonably good aeroplane doing equally well. Eight hours a day at 140 m.p.h. is not going to be a very hard day's work—for flying is not as tiring as driving a car.

One of the most interesting things about Kingsford-Smith's flight is that in the last three days he covered exactly the same distance as Mr. Bert Hinkler (now squadron-leader) covered when he put up his record flight of 15½ days from England to Australia two years ago. Each of them took three days to cover the 2,400 miles from Singapore to Port Darwin. So Kingsford-Smith really picked up five whole days on Hinkler's time between London and Singapore. This is really very interesting, because it shows how good the Avro was two years ago and emphasizes the catch phrase that "it takes an Avro to beat an Avro."

There is a good deal of interest in the fact that Kingsford-Smith's Avro is directly the product of four genuine pioneers of aviation. The Avro Avian was produced by A. V. Roe and Co., Ltd., which was founded by A. V. Roe, now Sir Alliott Roe, and his brother Humphrey in 1909, and the Avro Avian was actually designed by Mr. Roy Chadwick, who joined the firm as quite a lad in about 1910 and is now one of the most famous designers in this country.

The Gipsy engine, whose reliability was primarily responsible for the success of the flight, was produced by the De Havilland Aircraft Company, Ltd., the chief of which, Captain Geoffrey de Havilland, actually started his flying in 1908, when he built his own aeroplane and designed his own engine. He has been responsible for that extraordinary series of D.H. aeroplanes which did so well during the War and have provided most of our civil aircraft since then. The actual designer of the Gipsy engine, Major F. B. Halford, was an instructor at the Bristol School in 1911, and designed during the War the B.H.P. engine which ultimately became the world-famous Siddeley Puma.

All of which only shows that experience does count for something, in that the four men whose technical work was directly responsible for the flight have all been in aviation for about twenty years.

The question was asked the other day, who was the first person to fly in the British Empire? A special committee decided a year or so ago that the first British subject to fly *in the British Isles* was Mr. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, now Lieut.-Colonel, and lately M.P., who is at present a member of the Royal Commission appointed to investigate the reason for the accident to the *R 101*. His first flight was made in April, 1909. And as he is an Irishman and made his flight on a French aeroplane the performance resembles a good many other first performances in England.

Actually the first flying in the British Empire was done at Baddeck, Nova Scotia, during the winter of 1908–9, when Mr. J. A. D. McCurdy and Mr. F. W. Baldwin brought there an aeroplane built in the United States by a syndicate of which the head was Dr. Graham Bell, the inventor of the Edison-Bell telephones and phonographs. Dr. Bell was a Canadian and lived at Baddeck. McCurdy and Baldwin during that winter flew the machine in all something like 1,000 miles, off and on, to the ice of the frozen bay at Baddeck. They are to-day both highly successful business men in Canada.

AVRO-AVIAN: The type of machine in which Wing-Commander Kingsford-Smith achieved his wonderful flight to Australia. It is fitted with a Hermes II engine

THE GERMAN-AFRICA LINES

When travelling to Africa one cannot do better than engage one's passage on a ship of one of the various German lines which maintain a splendid service to that Continent. These consist of the Woermann, the Deutsche Ost-Afrika, the Hamburg-Amerika (Afrika Dienst), and the Hamburg-Bremer Afrika lines. The admirably found ships of these star lines maintain services to East, South, and West Africa, and offer to all classes of passengers facilities and amenities exceeded by none. Pleasure-trips form a leading feature of the programmes presented by these companies. The cuisine is of a high standard, and passengers are afforded the opportunities for any of the pastimes suitable to ship-board. Special rates are offered for children, and the companies give liberal terms for passengers who travel personal servants.

BROCKS' FIREWORKS

A feature of the firework season for 1930 is that it began rather slowly, wholesalers and dealers having evidently thought the firework trade would be affected by the general depresssion; that their fears, however, were unwarranted is proved by the steady flow of orders they are receiving, and there threatens to be a last-minute rush, which will put the season of 1930 on a level with previous years. Several novelties have been introduced this year: the roly-poly, a very ingenious little firework, which, as its name suggests, rolls about in the most eccentric manner, and the speedway slider, which dashes along the ground in a way reminiscent of the dirt-track rider. Then there is the autogyro, a miniature "helicopter" that rises vertically into the air amidst a shower of golden rain. Also the whirlwind, which is the modern development of the old Catherine, or pinwheel. For those who prefer their fireworks to be of a less exciting nature there is the emerald spray, a very pretty fountain which throws up clusters of silver spray from a jet of emerald-coloured fire. Hummers and buzzers need no explanation since their names explain their behaviour. Boys always insist on bangs, and in this the old-fashioned squib and cracker still hold their own. Our 1930 novelty in this type of firework is the little wonder, which is retailed at ½d. each.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

This Society which has just taken over Esher Place, Esher, Surrey, as a Home for 170 girls, is much in need of suitable books for the new library, and would be grateful if any readers would like to make a gift to this Home, which is to be officially opened on November 1 by H.H. Princess Helena Victoria, and dedicated by the Rt. Rev. The Lord Bishop of Guildford. All contributions towards this work will be gratefully received by the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

KINGSFORD SMITH WIRES

THIS IS THE AVIAN-HERMES, MARK IV. M. SPORTS MODEL £825

"MACHINE PERFECT. CONSIDER AVRO AVIAN BEST LIGHT AEROPLANE IN THE WORLD."

Need one say more . . . . except that you can buy a similar machine for only £875. Other Avian prices are as follows:—

Mark IV. with Cirrus II engine and full standard equipment	£575
Mark IV. with Cirrus III engine ...	£595
Mark IV. M. metal fuselage	£795
Mark IV. M. sports model	£825

SOLE AVIAN CONCESSIONAIRES FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM

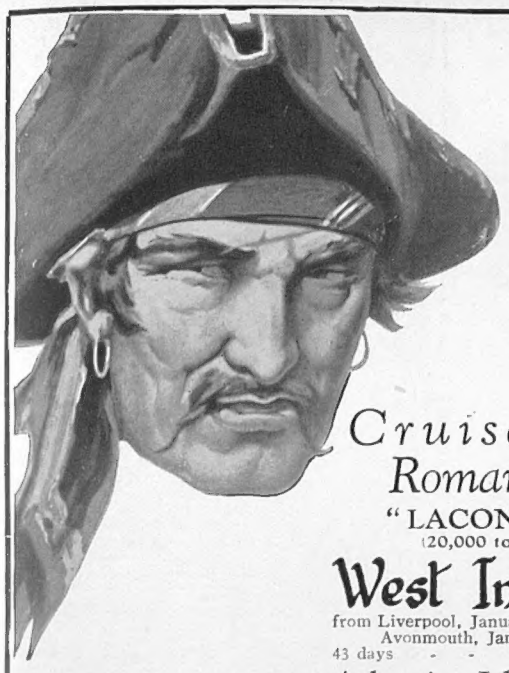
HENLYS

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1.

Manufacturers: A. V. ROE & CO., LTD., MANCHESTER & LONDON.

A unique feature of Henlys' organisation at Heston is a fleet of six- and eight-cylinder "drive yourself" hire cars which are available at moderate charges.

HANGARS, MACHINES AND EXPERTS AT HESTON AIR PARK, MIDDLESEX. Tel.: HAYES 410.



Cruises of Romance

"LACONIA"
(20,000 tons)

West Indies
from Liverpool, January 20; from Avonmouth, January 21
43 days - - from **92 gns.**

Atlantic Isles and Mediterranean
from Liverpool, March 5; from Southampton, March 7
21 days - - from **42 gns.**

Mediterranean
from Southampton, March 31
16 days - - from **32 gns.**

"FRANCONIA"
(20,000 tons)

World Cruise
from London, January 22
138 days - - - from **£430**

Apply Cunard Line, Liverpool, London, or local Offices and Agencies.

Cunard Winter Cruises

UNWANTED HAIR

GONE for EVER

Thousands of women in England, Europe and America who once suffered the embarrassment of beauty-destroying, unwanted hair have been cured by the famous HAMOMAR METHOD. These women proved the truth of our claim: *by the HAMOMAR METHOD we remove unwanted hair painlessly, safely and ABSOLUTELY PERMANENTLY.* We state definitely that the HAMOMAR METHOD succeeds where old-fashioned powders, painful electric needles and dangerous caustic creams fail. Today you may suffer from unwanted hair—to-morrow it can be gone for ever.

Written guarantee of permanence.

A written guarantee is given to every client that unwanted hair will be removed painlessly, safely and permanently or money will be refunded in full and without question. So sure and safe is the HAMOMAR METHOD that among thousands of cases we have never had a single failure. Why not call at the Studios for a free consultation? You will not be pressed to take the treatment, but the HAMOMAR METHOD will be fully demonstrated to you. You will learn that not only is the unwanted hair removed, but the skin improved, facial blemishes and spots disappear, and the complexion is rejuvenated. Every case is treated in strict privacy, and, if you wish, under the observation of your own Doctor. A copy of the popular book "The HAMOMAR METHOD," which has brought happiness to so many, will be sent under sealed cover, on application.

It explains how you can be free from unwanted hair—FOR EVER. It describes the HAMOMAR METHOD in detail. There is no cost and no obligation.

MISS MARGARET NEESON, the beautiful actress playing in "Sons o' Guns" at the London Hippodrome, writes:—

"I am writing to tell you how much I appreciate y ur remarkable treatment for the removal of unwanted hair. Having tried other so-called remedies I was delighted to find that, not only is the HAMOMAR METHOD absolutely painless and harmless to my skin, but that there is not the slightest indication of the return of hair. If you think that my experience will be of interest to other women please do not hesitate to make full use of this letter. Again thanking you for all you have done."

HAMOMAR METHOD

PAINLESS • SAFE • PERMANENT

To the DERMATOLOGICAL STUDIOS LTD. (Dept. S. 2), 27, Old Bond Street, W.1
Phone: Regent 2470. Paris: Institute Hamomar, 144 Champs Elysées, Paris.

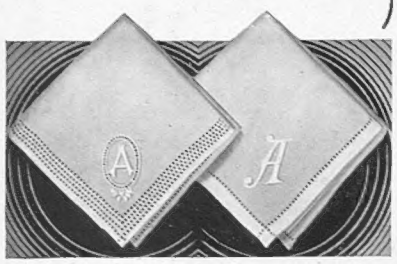
● aged • of rare mellowness • • subtle bouquet • • distinctive ● by host • by guests • by all • preferred • •

The Hall-Mark of Quality.

GRANT'S SCOTCH WHISKY ●

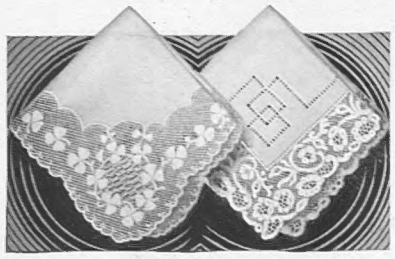
WM. GRANT & SONS, LTD.,
The Glenfiddich and Balvenie-Glenlivet Distilleries, DUFFTOWN.
82, Gordon Street, GLASGOW,
98, Gt. Tower Street, LONDON, E.C.3.
London Agents for Grant's "Liqueur" Scotch
Messrs. HEDGES & BUTLER, Ltd.,
Wine Merchants to H.M. The King,
153, Regent Street, W.1.

handkerchiefs of IRISH LINEN make delightful XMAS Gifts



1. Ladies' fine sheer linen handkerchiefs, openwork border, hand embroidered initial. Per dozen **14/6**

2. Men's pure linen initial handkerchiefs, hand embroidered, size about 19×19 ins. with 1 in. hem. Per dozen **21/-**



3. Ladies' sheer linen handkerchiefs, edged fine wide lace. Each **2/-**

4. Ladies' fine sheer linen handkerchiefs, open-work border, edged wide lace. Each **3/11**

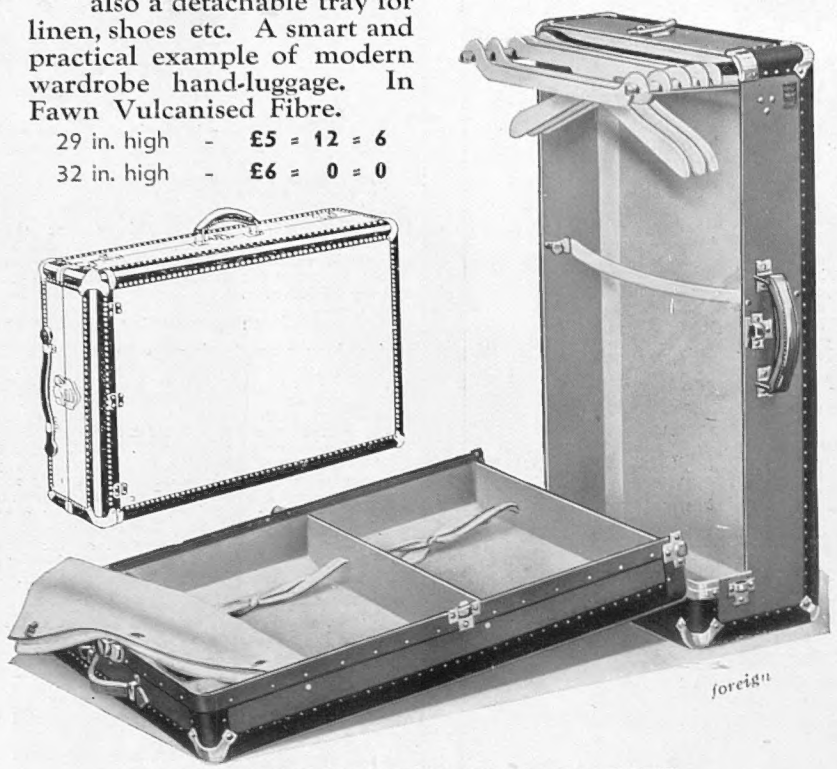
Write for Xmas List, sent post free when published.

Robinson & Cleaver,
The Linen Hall, LTD.
REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

THE IDEAL LUGGAGE FOR SHORT JOURNEYS

LIGHT and easy to handle, this Hartmann Tourobe carries —on special hangers—suits, gowns or coats. There is also a detachable tray for linen, shoes etc. A smart and practical example of modern wardrobe hand-luggage. In Fawn Vulcanised Fibre.

29 in. high - **£5 = 12 = 6**
32 in. high - **£6 = 0 = 0**



WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY'S
(Debenhams Ltd.)
Distinctive Luggage Department
40 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Candle Light

The softest light for your table is the light from "Venetian" Candles, tapering, elegant, exquisitely toned in shades to match any colour scheme.

Price's Art Candles

Write for illustrated booklet "Candles in the Home." Price's Patent Candle Co. Ltd., Dept. SP/C, London, S.W.11.

TEST YOUR TYRES EVERY FRIDAY

WITH A SCHRADER GAUGE

From all Dealers: price 7/6

A. Schrader's Son, Inc. Offices and Main Distribution Stores: 26-29 New Street, Westminster, S.W.1

Be sure it's a "Schrader": Look for the name.
(Regd. Trade Mark)

TRIUMPH
SCORPION SIX CYLINDER

Triumph—the finest small car in the world.
Safety glass throughout, Lucas electrical equipment and Dunlop Tyres standard.
Triumph Motor Co., Ltd., Coventry. London: 218, Gt. Portland St., W.1 (1st Floor)

SEE the new Triumph Scorpion Luxury Six Cylinder at £237 10s., complete with sliding roof—the least expensive luxury six in existence to-day. Super Seven Models from £162 10s.

FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBN. 1908: GOLD MEDAL

Try this chocolate covered Fruit Lozenge

FOR **CONSTIPATION**
GASTRIC & INTESTINAL TROUBLES

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

Sold by all Chemists and Druggists 3/- *per box*
67 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE RD., LONDON, S.E.1

NIMES HOTEL IMPERATOR

Opened July 1930. Every Modern Comfort. Private Baths. Garden Restaurant.
Same Management Hotel Jules César, ARLES.

Why go Grey?

HINDES' HAIR TINT

Hindes' Hair Tint restores grey or faded hair to its original colour forthwith—brown, dark-brown, light-brown or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Chemists Hairdressers & Stores 2/6 or direct: HINDES, LTD., 60, Parker Street, Kingsway, London

GIVE GENEROUSLY FOR YOUR POPPY *REMEMBRANCE DAY*

STAMPS Fine Selection of the Rare Stamps of all countries sent on approval, at 9d. in the 1/- discount off catalogue prices.
G. H. Waitt, "The Outspan," Whitstable, Kent

E. F. G. Pocket Dictionaries

ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, LATIN, SPANISH.

CLOTH, Square Corners, from 1/6 nett.
ART CLOTH, Round Corners, from 2/- nett.
LEATHER, Round Corners, from 3/- nett.

Prospectus on application to—
EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE (Publishers), Ltd. 6, Great New Street, London, E.C.4

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.
In making, use **LESS QUANTITY,** it being so much stronger than **ORDINARY COFFEE.**

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE, LTD., *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *November* 1, 1930. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

IN THE NOVEMBER

ONE SHILLING

"VIVE LA COMMUNE!" by F. Britten Austin
"WOMEN MUST HAVE A NEW CODE OF HONOUR" by Lady Drummond Hay
"ON TELLING THE TRUTH" by Harold Nicolson
"THE NIGHT RUNNERS OF NIRONGO" by Beatrice Grimshaw
"NOEL COWARD-ICE" by Hannen Swaffer
"UNFLAMING YOUTH" by Christine Jope-Slade
"THE CRYSTAL FAIRY" by Ferdinand Tuohy
"THE CANDID FRIEND" by Cecil Roberts
"FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY": LIVIA, THE WIFE OF AUGUSTUS: Described by Norman Hill. Painted by F. Matania, R.I.
"NOT ALL BEER AND SKITS. . ." by Archibald de Bear
"RIVIERA" by Olga Hall-Brown
"THE CIRCE OF THE CAN-CAN" by M. Willson Disher
"TOO MANY GENTLEMEN?" by Negly Farson
"UNDERWORLD" by Diana Bourbon
"THE PATTERAN" by Dixie Willson
"SUBJECTS—OR OBJECTS?" by Sydney Tremayne
"OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES" described by Pamela Murray
"PARISIAN" by H. Pearl Adam
"LONDON FASHIONS" by Madge Garland
THE FOUNDATIONS OF FASHION
"INDOOR GARDENS" by Olive Rinder
"DRESSING UP THE TABLE" by Pamela Murray
WINDOW SHOPPING
"LUNCHING IN NOVEMBER AND A NOVEMBER DINNER MENU" by Catherine Ives
"CONCERNING BACCHUS AND THE HOSTESS" by Len Challoner
"A BACHELOR HOUSEHOLD"
"A COURSE OF EXERCISES" by Antonia White
THE WOMEN'S GOLF SECTION, conducted by Eleanor E. Helme
"THE UNSEEN MIRACLES OF MOTORING" by The Earl of Cardigan

ON SALE NOV. 1st

BRITANNIA AND EVE

NEW STYLE MAGAZINE

"Please don't get up . . . . It changes its own records"

To press a starting button and then to hear, without interruption, a concert—a complete work—a programme of dance music—on gramophone records . . . that, even in these sophisticated days, savours somewhat of the miraculous. Yet it is a miracle you will learn to take for granted—when you own a "His Master's Voice" Automatic Electrical Reproducer. Twelve records in any pre-arranged order—ten- and twelve-inch intermingled—can be played without touching the instrument. *It changes its own records.*

And its tone? That, indeed, you must hear if you are to believe. This is not merely electrical reproduction. It is "His Master's Voice" electrical reproduction. Every sound and every shade of sound in faithful facsimile . . . its purity undistorted, unimpaired . . . whether heard as whispered melody in a quiet room—or as a surge of sound loud enough to fill a moderate-sized hall. A "His Master's Voice" dealer will gladly explain and demonstrate the marvel of this instrument—in his shop or in your own drawing room.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE" AUTOMATIC ELECTRICAL REPRODUCER No. 12

Self-contained and entirely mains driven. Equipment includes a "His Master's Voice" No. 7B (Electric) Soundbox and 2-stage super power amplifier with three valves only (including one rectifier.) Latest moving coil Loud Speaker with electro-magnet. External Control Panel (sunk flush) contains Main, Volume Control and Change-over Switches. Radio jack is provided.

PRICES
(for alternating current)
Antique Oak £150
Mahogany or Walnut £155

"His Master's Voice"

AUTOMATIC ELECTRICAL REPRODUCER

These Prices do not apply in the Irish Free State.

The Gramophone Co., Ltd., London, W.1.

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE, LTD., *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *November* 1, 1930. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.